NEW MASSES

FEBRUARY 23, 1943 15c in Canada 20c

MARCH: THE ALLIES' CRUCIAL MONTH

What the Red Army Faces in the Next Three Weeks

BY COLONEL T.

CONGRESS AND THE NATION

A SYMPOSIUM

SENATOR AUSTIN, OF VERMONT
SENATOR TRUMAN, OF MISSOURI
REP. GAVAGAN, OF NEW YORK
SENATOR BALL, OF MINNESOTA
REP. DICKSTEIN, OF NEW YORK

BOSS TAFT OF OHIO

BY BRUCE MINTON

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LETTER FROM THE ENEMY

Committee of 1,000,000 — Gerald L. K. Smith NATIONAL CHAIRMAN

"For God and Country"

Headquarters: POST OFFICE BOX 458 Detroit, Michigan

December 24, 1942

NEW MASSES
461 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

An article appearing in your magazine recently describes the November 7 rally in Madison Square Garden.

You may be interested to know that I am carrying this article in full in THE CROSS AND THE FLAG as the most brazen example to come to my attention of the exploitation of wholesome patriotism by Red propagandists.

I have instructed that a copy of the magazine be sent to you under separate cover, as well as a release listing some of our choices for President of the United States.

Yours truly,

GLKS/U

GERALD L. K. SMITH

Gerald L. K. Smith is a past master at translating Goebbels' line for American consumption. Like little Herr Doktor Joe of the Wilhelmstrasse, he cannot bear the growing friendship of the American and Soviet peoples. He winced at the great rally where Vice-President Wallace, former Ambassador Davies, Thomas W. Lamont, Mayor LaGuardia, former Governor Lehman, Lieutenant General McNair, and others spoke.

Nor did the Detroit fascist like our—or any other publication's—story of the event. In fact he does not like anything about NM: we stand foursquare behind the administration's policies for victory. That's "Red propaganda."

You can tell a man—or a magazine—by the enemies it makes. Smith knows NM is his enemy. We have put the spotlight on him and the camarilla of Detroit demagogues—Charles E. Coughlin, Rep. Clare Hoffman—all too often. They want to see NM die. But we know our readers: they won't let the Detroit fuehrers have their way on anything—particularly on the issue of letting a win-the-war publication perish.

NM needs $40,000 to see the year through, fighting the enemy at home and abroad. Answer Gerald L. K. Smith by letting us hear from you by return mail. The need is urgent, as we told you last week. Please turn to page 26.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Hitler's Hope

ALL is not dark for Hitler. From the spectacle of defeat on the Soviet front he can turn to news of victory on the Washington front. Last week there were at least two such victories: the House vote to continue the American branch of the Berlin Anti-Comintern, the Dies committee, and passage of a resolution sponsored by Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia to set up a new inquisitorial body to investigate all federal government agencies and bureaus.

The lineup on Dies, 302 to 94, produced the largest vote ever cast against him, but that is small comfort in view of the fact that it still represented a better than three to one endorsement. No longer is it possible for any congressman to plead ignorance in regard to Martin Dies. His record of protecting fascists and persecuting patriots, which Rep. Vito Marcantonio, one of the leaders of the anti-Dies fight, discusses in his article on page 20 of this issue, has been thoroughly documented. Dies not only advocates the Goebbels line, but applies it with deadly effectiveness. In him all the worst features of the coalition of Hoover Republicans and Wheeler Democrats, which dominates Congress, achieve fascist fruition. So flagrant have the activities of this dime-store fuehrer become that even a member of his committee, Rep. Jerry Voorhis of California, was moved to speak and vote against its continuance, while the conservative New York *Herald Tribune* described the committee's work as "a witch-hunt sure to play into Hitler's hands."

THIS Dies vote has implications far beyond the immediate issue. It is tantamount to an attack on our government's policy of collaborating with the Soviet Union. And, as Earl Browder pointed out in a speech at Baltimore, it constitutes "one of the most sinister threats to victory in the war and to the future of our country." The overwhelming vote for the Smith resolution, actively supported by another Goebbels favorite, Ham Fish, is more of the same.

Dies can still be stopped by denying him the $60,000 appropriation he is demanding. Even among those who voted for him there has been revolt against some of his methods, as evidenced by the House refusal to railroad through his proposal to fire without trial thirty-eight government employes whose anti-fascism had incurred his wrath. But if Dies is to be stopped the administration will have to give real leadership (Rep. John McCormack, administration leader in the House, and Rep. Robert Ramspeck, majority whip, actually voted for Dies), and the labor movement and ordinary Americans will have to swing into action as they would against an enemy host invading our shores.

Diesman Pegler

Forty-eight Hours

ON FEBRUARY 9 the American people discovered that there is no law that bars a work week of more than forty hours. We suspected as much all along despite the moanings and groanings in certain quarters to the effect that the wage-hour law was standing in the way of expanded production. President Roosevelt's executive order decreeing a minimum forty-eight-hour week disposes of this myth. In most war industries the new order will make little or no change because they are already averaging forty-eight or more hours weekly or are only slightly under that figure. It is in releasing workers from civilian industry and trade for employment in war production that the new order will produce the greatest results.

The only beef against the order has come from the hide-bound minority who object to the fact that overtime rates after forty hours will continue as in the past. On this point the reaction of two New York newspapers affords an illuminating contrast. It takes considerable patience to wade through the long dreary editorial in the *Times* denouncing the presidential order as "the most inflationary single positive step that the administration has yet taken" and demanding that the government upset the wage structure, alienate our soldiers of production and undermine national morale by scrapping extra pay for overtime. In contrast, the *Herald Tribune* heartily endorses the new order, overtime pay and all. Not that the *Herald Tribune* has any love for the wage-hour law. In fact, it says quite frankly that it considers the law idiotic (which it decidedly isn't). But, adds the *Herald Tribune,* "it has become the foundation of all our labor contracts and to disturb it now might prove disastrous." Here you have two conservative newspapers—before the war the *Herald Tribune* was even further to the right than the *Times*—one of which puts winning the war first and is ready to compromise on secondary matters; the other has allowed its hostility to labor to become so great an obsession that the tides of this titanic war beat in vain against its petty hates.

AS James F. Byrnes declared in his broadcast announcing the presidential order: "Overtime payments have been an effective aid to increased production during the war." That should be the primary test of every economic measure. And all this is being done, as Byrnes stated, in order to carry through the plans for 1943 which include "within a measurable period of time the invasion of Europe." However, from the standpoint of production and the most rapid launching of the invasion we feel that Byrnes errs in two respects: his insistence on the rigid maintenance of the "Little Steel" formula for adjusting wages and his emphasis on heavier taxation on "the lower-middle income groups" rather than on swollen corporation profits and high individual incomes.

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"Hank Wallace will never make us drink milk."

At Luce Ends

WHILE MRS. Luce's maiden address in the House was entirely without virtue, it did focus attention on one aspect of the after-effects of Goebbels' recent speeches. The tie may not seem immediately apparent. But for those who refuse to skate on the surface of international currents, it will be quickly evident that the voice from Berlin burbled up through the *chic* Cassandra of the Connecticut countryside. A whole reactionary, appeaser section of Congress is at loose ends. What to do to dilute the consequences of the Red Army's forward march? Mrs. Luce has provided her kind of answer. Cultivate suspicion among the Allies, breathe fire into British faces by charging them with intentions of hoarding the airways, question the integrity of the Russians, replace the banner of the United Nations—the Atlantic Charter—with husband Henry's pirate flag—the so-called American Century. After you have set the fuse to this keg of dynamite, poke cheap words at a public figure to whom human dignity is the heart of his aspirations for the common man. These are composer Goebbels' notes for soprano voices.

If the imperialist-minded coterie of America cannot run the war its way, then at least, twirps Mrs. Luce, let it take measures that will guarantee its dictating the peace. Her concern with the future happens to express itself at this moment with worry as to who will dominate aviation when the war is over and with derisive phrases about Vice-President Wallace. The sword is double-edged. It is pointed first at the heart of postwar unity, and it is plunged to the hilt to injure the war relations between Washington, London, and Moscow.

As for America and Britain, Mrs. Luce tried to revive some old antagonisms. Britain will threaten American sovereignty of the air in time to come. Our destiny, our glory are at stake. If the administration and congress pursue the wrong air policy "we shall have most efficiently laid the groundwork for America's certain defeat in World War III." Our soldiers in the North African foxholes will be delighted to know that strategist Luce has won this war for them and is preparing them for another conflict. Equally important, Mrs. Luce knows that by shouting about future airpower she is deepening the distrust of British conservatives who have more than once expressed their fears of America's taking them over as a junior partner. It is hardly surprising that two days after Mrs. Luce spoke, the Marquess of Londonderry rose in the House of Lords to reveal in effect his dismay that American commercial aviation was becoming omnipotent. Instead of softening, instead of finding some solution for these ancient rivalries, Mrs. Luce calculatingly heaped salt on old wounds. The cheers that went up in the appeaser press, the huzzahs of the tory congressmen who listened, show what damage she has left for progressive America to repair.

NOR does the damage end here. Her voice was also part of a witch's chorus that has risen up in the past few days questioning Moscow's integrity, demanding to know her "territorial designs."

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"What goes on in the mind of Joseph Stalin?" Mrs. Luce asked. This again was a deliberate attempt to discredit our greatest ally, whose victory contract with the other powers is signed with rivers of Soviet blood. What stupidity, what callousness and smugness motivate the evil minds who insult an heroic people.

Mrs. Luce's question was of a piece with Constantine Brown's charges in the Washington *Star* that the USSR intended to "annex Bulgaria," reach into the Persian Gulf, "dominate Europe." Brown even handed the Soviet Union some of its own territory—the Baltic countries—which have been part of the Republic since 1940. David Zaslavsky, writing in *Pravda,* put his finger on the real origin of Brown's accusations. "The German swindlers handed out a marked card and Constantine Brown accepted it." Zaslavsky also reminded the "buffoons" that a clear expression of Soviet war aims was to be found in Stalin's speeches.

La Luce's debut in the House reminds us of a story she wrote last June 15 in Henry's *Life.* She had interviewed General Stilwell in China. She confronted him with the feeling of some of his officers that he was too modest. We quote his reply as Mrs. Luce quoted it. "The Chinese have a proverb: 'Higher monkey is climbing tree, more is showing his behind.'"

Mr. Biddle "Errs"

TO ACCUSE a high government official of appeasing defeatists is a serious business. Yet the charge must be leveled against Attorney General Francis Biddle. He has time and again shaken in his boots whenever Martin Dies looked cross. He has lacked the courage of a few other government officials such as Secretary of Interior Ickes to talk back to the termite from Texas. His prosecution of Harry Bridges damaged labor morale, and it is to the credit of Bridges' union that it has continued to give unstintingly to the war effort even though he has been harassed by Biddle's Bolshevist bogey.

When it comes to prosecuting Nazi spies Biddle has shown a reluctance which contrasts with his zealousness in hounding progressives. No concern was ever expressed by his office over the Dies inquisition conducted against government employes. The threats of the defeatist junta led by Senators Wheeler and Taft paved the way for Biddle's removal of William P. Maloney as prosecutor in the case against thirty-three men and women indicted as Nazi agents because he was competent enough to assure their conviction. Biddle could only attribute to an "error in judgment" his prosecution of Michigan state Sen. Stanley Nowak for alleged membership in the Communist Party when he applied for citizenship some years ago. To Biddle's dismay the public hotly intervened in the case and forced him to pull out from under.

"Errors in judgment" are costly things in time of war. A general who commits them and sacrifices the lives of thousands of men is promptly ousted. A Cabinet member who makes "mistakes" impairs not only national unity but delays the day of triumph. What is more, he proves himself unfit to hold public office.

"The Sullivans"

ONLY a Homer could tell the story, but he would have to sing of heroes greater than the demigods of old. He would have to tell of folk like the Sullivans. No American with a heart and an anti-fascist will can read of this plain midwest family without reverence and profound admiration. Five brothers from an Iowa town enlisted together, fought together, died together. They went down in the Solomons on the cruiser *Juneau.* It was a loss which, in ordinary times, could devastate their survivors. But these are not ordinary days; the people living and fighting today are of epic stature. The Sullivans, father and mother, carry on the work of their boys. "Keep your chin up, my boys kept telling me," Mrs. Sullivan says simply, as she and her husband tour the shipyards of the nation—as guests of the Navy Department—to talk to the men who build the ships.

Every American will heartily endorse the decision of the naval authorities to name a destroyer now in construction, *The Sullivans.* Such plain, everyday names will strike terror into enemy hearts. The Mikado and Hitler thought they would crush the spirit of our people when they dropped the bombs at Pearl Harbor; the Sullivans are showing them their cosmic error.

Memo to MGM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has been called "the wisest American." His wisdom may be seen not only in his attitude toward Lincoln (see NEW MASSES, Feb. 16), but in his attitude toward the hero of MGM's *Tennessee Johnson.* In his *Journal* for July 30, 1866, Emerson noted: "Our political condition is better, and, though dashed by the treachery of our American President, can hardly go backward to slavery and civil war." Elsewhere in his *Journal* Emerson pays tribute to Frederick Douglass for explicitly predicting the traitor course of Johnson. In the fall of 1866 he urged his friends to defeat at the polls the supporters of the "mad" President who was trying to sell the country down the river to the large plantation owners.

MGM advertises that "everybody is talking about" *Tennessee Johnson.* Is it any wonder?

The Case for Schappes

SOMEBODY recently referred to the Morris Schappes case as a political anachronism. It is a good estimate. The grounds for prosecution had an unreal quality originally; today they assume a significance that runs counter to everything this war is about. That Mr. Schappes is a sterling anti-fascist nobody can dispute; that he is a man of great personal integrity is attested to even by men who differ with his economic viewpoint. The distinguished professor of philosophy at City College, Dr. Raphael Cohen, made that clear in his testimony at the trial. Mr. Schappes' contributions to the labor movement and to education are undeniable: he was among the foremost in helping to organize the New York College Teachers Union and he fought to protect and improve higher education in our state.

The country needs that kind of man at his post today; yet he faces eighteen months to two years in prison. What an anomaly!

The reason for this puzzling phenomenon is not hard to find; it grows out of the Martin Dies pattern. Several years ago some New York public officials, influenced by the psychology of the Texas congressman, labored hysterically to estrange the two greatest anti-fascist nations — the United States and the USSR. Mr. Schappes was an indefatigable champion of close collaboration between those two countries to balk the march of fascism. Hence his persecution. In March 1941 he was called before the Coudert committee where he

Morris U. Schappes

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publicly declared membership in the Communist Party and said he knew only three other Communists at City College. The Coudert committee contended that he knew more than that number and he was indicted on a charge of perjury, tried, and sentenced to a long prison term. Every juryman in the case openly admitted prejudice against Communists.

The verdict was appealed; the Appellate Division refused to reverse conviction. The case now stands before the Court of Appeals, last legal recourse in the state, and the hearing is expected to take place early in March.

Every democrat will be glad to learn that Henry Epstein, for the past ten years solicitor general of New York State, will argue the case before the Court of Appeals. It is indisputable that a conviction of Mr. Schappes will be a feather in the cap of the native fascist-minded. It will not help the war effort. It will certainly be a setback to a free labor movement and a free educational system. The Schappes Defense Committee needs support; both financial and otherwise. Where do you stand?

Honor Roll

Two awards have been given in the past week to the great Negro artist, Paul Robeson, which underline both his role in American life and his stature as a spokesman for the Negro people. One award came from the students of Abraham Lincoln High School, New York, who voted him their annual Lincoln prize in recognition of his "courageous championship of good will, tolerance and minority rights." Earlier winners of the award include Mayor LaGuardia, Lillian D. Wald, Walter Damrosch, and Samuel Seabury. Mr. Robeson—whom we are proud to number among New Masses' contributing editors—was also one of twelve Negro and six white persons, organizations or institutions named on the Honor Roll of Race Relations of 1942 after a nationwide poll conducted by the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature of the New York Public Library.

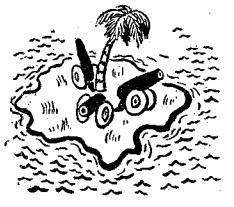
The choices among Negroes, besides Mr. Robeson, are Capt. Hugh Mulzac, first Negro skipper of a US merchant ship, the *Booker T. Washington;* Duke Ellington, noted composer and band leader; the late Dr. George Washington Carver, one of the nation's foremost scientists; Willard S. Townsend, president of the United Transport Workers of America (Red Caps), who has become the first Negro member of the executive board of the CIO; Dr. J. Ernest Wilkins, Jr., for winning his Ph.D. in mathematics from the University of Chicago at the age of nineteen; Dr. Alain Locke of Howard University, for his books and for editing the special Negro issue of *Survey Graphic;* Dr. Arthur Melvin Townsend, for his work in guiding the million-dollar publishing company of the National Baptist Convention; the *Pittsburgh Courier,* for leading the "Double V" campaign—victory for the United Nations abroad and for democracy at home; Dr. Channing Tobias, for his work in the war bond campaigns and as a member of the National Advisory Committee on Selective Service; Margaret Walker of Livingstone College, N. C., for winning the Yale University Younger Poets competition with her book, *For My People* (reviewed on page 24 of this issue); and Judge William H. Hastie, former civilian aide to the Secretary of War, for his efforts to achieve full integration of the Negro in the Army.

The white persons and organizations named to the honor roll are the late Dr. Franz Boas, pioneer in shattering the race myths; Wendell Willkie, for his championship of Negro rights; Warner Brothers, for their realistic and dignified presentation of the Negro in the film *In This Our Life;* Lillian Smith of Clayton, Ga., for her work as editor of *The South Today;* the National Maritime Union, for opposing racial discrimination and for supporting Captain Mulzac in his fight for recognition; the *Survey Graphic,* for its special Negro issue last November.

Please Note!

ON THURSDAY, the day this issue appears on the newsstands, NEW MASSES is moving its offices from 461 Fourth Avenue to 104 East Ninth Street (3rd floor), New York City. Our telephone number henceforth is GRamercy 3-5146. We hope that this move, which has been undertaken for reasons of economy, will not inconvenience our friends even temporarily. The new offices are located near Fourth Avenue, only a few steps from the IRT subway and a block from the BMT.

Our Island Colony



IT HAS never happened before in the forty-four years of American government of Puerto Rico—last week the two houses of the Insular Legislature unanimously passed a joint resolution petitioning Congress and the President to terminate the Island's colonial status and permit the people to choose their own destiny. The resolution proposed that if the vote on self-determination could not be arranged at once, it should be taken immediately after the war. The unanimity behind the resolution was particularly significant for it indicated that on the vital issue of self-determination all political groups had come together—from the Popular Democratic Party, representing the masses of Puerto Ricans, to those conservative elements who heretofore have spoken exclusively for the imperialist interests.

The people of Puerto Rico have called with one voice for the application of the Atlantic Charter's principles to their Island at a time when congressional disrupters are attempting to falsify the situation in Puerto Rico. The Insular Legislature acted just as a reactionary senatorial investigating committee, headed by Chavez of New Mexico and including such appeasers as Taft and Nye, was preparing to leave Washington for the Island. Ostensibly created to help solve Puerto Rico's critical economic situation, the committee revealed its true motive upon arriving in San Juan by immediately placing Governor Tugwell on trial. The Chavez committee is but one part of the defeatist conspiracy to embarrass the war effort by exploiting the plight of the people of Puerto Rico. Other aspects of this conspiracy, notably the Vandenberg and Crawford bills, were exposed in the article by Juan Jose Bernales in NEW MASSES of February 16.

Only the continued unity of the Puerto Rican people, working directly with the administration and other win-the-war elements of America, will defeat the subversive efforts of the Vandenbergs, Chavez's, Crawfords, Tafts, and Nyes. Unlimited support should be given the petition for self-determination which the Puerto Rican Legislature has forwarded to Congress and to the President. Our government must respond quickly to the people of the Island with a concrete program of economic aid and political self-determination.

Struggle in Argentina

COMPLETELY isolated in the Western Hemisphere as the only nation whose government favors the Axis, Argentina is the scene of a powerful internal struggle over the issue of "neutrality." Evidence piles up that the pro-fascist policy of the Castillo government finds little support among the democratic Argentinian masses. The strength of the pro-democratic movement lies in the organized trade unions, its weakness in the timidity of large elements in the opposition political parties whose fear of genuine mass unity has split the anti-Castillo forces.

(Continued on page 8)

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HASTEN THE DAY

By the Editors

THE President's magnificent speech of last Friday night, Mr. Churchill's vibrant words in Parliament two days earlier, mapped the future of the remaining months of 1943. Both delineated and emphasized the policy of coalition warfare on the European continent. The President's tribute to the Red Army, to Stalin's military genius, was in direct reply to the pettifoggers now echoing Goebbels' pleas from Berlin. Both the British and American war leaders were implicitly cognizant of the fact that Stalingrad made Casablanca possible. Without the Soviets' defense of that diamond in the crown of the United Nations, without their relentless pursuit of the Nazis, Hitler's plans would have proceeded according to schedule and Casablanca might have been another council of desperation. Here is the answer to those pitiful commentators who sought to drive a wedge into Allied solidarity by speculating about Stalin's absence from the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting.

And more, the President recognized that warfare on the continent must be rooted in a political perspective that will hearten the countless democratic forces of occupied Europe. His affirmation that there will be no Lavals or Quislings to besmirch their future was a tough warning to opponents of unconditional surrender, to the nests of plague-carrying rodents seeking appeaser cheese.

THE great decision, then, has been made. Nazidom will feel our concentrated blows. There remains the pivotal question of time and place. Mr. Churchill intimated an invasion within the next nine months—an invasion which would be possible only after the submarine menace has been eliminated from the Atlantic supply lanes. No one will deny that the Nazi U-boats have intensified their attacks and done great damage to convoys. But in coalition warfare the U-boat is only a technical element of secondary importance to the overwhelming fact that our Soviet ally has presented us with a magnificent opportunity to crack Europe *now*. This is the essence of correct timing. Rostov and Voroshilovgrad have fallen. The Nazis are withdrawing divisions from the West—twenty-two in the last few weeks—and bringing them to the East to bolster their decimated lines. The Soviets, at the peak of their strength and power, are making our invasion tasks easier. To delay is to give Hitler time to regroup his forces, fill the yawning gaps of his armies, implement his killer packs hunting the seas. Will it be simpler to hurdle the U-boats now or months later when Doenitz' submarines have increased in number, enlarged their torpedo capacity, and improved their cruising range?

Mr. Churchill himself admitted that so far as troop transport is concerned, the Nazi pigboats have had little effect. The submarine hazard, real as it is for supply fleets, is the current expression of the old "shipping argument" which the so-called experts presented last spring as the reason for delaying a second front. It was an argument refuted by the maritime unions, by the men who man the convoys, by those who presented the plan for cargo planes and invasion by barges. To insist again that there is a bottleneck in shipping is to put the problem of an immediate second front on its head instead of squarely on its feet where it belongs. It is to confuse logistics with logic.

The British Isles have become a colossal fortress of men and materiel. From these Isles Western Europe can be inundated by the tide of invasion. Otherwise we shall not have learned the lesson of last year when Hitler's bastions could have been stormed. Had there been correct timing to coordinate with the Soviet winter offensive of 1941-42, Casablanca might have been the occasion for a victory celebration. Even the Nazis admitted it through an army spokesman—Lieutenant General von Dittmar—who in a radio broadcast on April 20, 1942, said: "At the beginning of winter the German Army in the East found itself in an incredibly grave position. It was faced with extraordinarily serious decisions. It was almost decided to move far away from the enemy and put the zone of the scorched earth which he had created between him and our own position."

Now with the Red Army operating on an infinitely larger scale than it did a year ago, opportunity pounds the door. Shipping bottleneck and U-boat menace are hardly valid reasons for waiting. The occupation of North Africa has tended to obscure the fact that Great Britain has an accumulation of everything needed for invasion now. We need not wait on our forces to drive Rommel into the sea before the British citadel is employed against the western coasts. It is Rommel's function to delay, to give Hitler those precious hours in which to extend and improve the fortification of every inch of strategic coastline. And we shall unwittingly fall into the Wilhelmstrasse's plans by inaction.

Decisive moves now, invasion in force from the West — these will save lives and time and inaugurate a spring for which the world has been waiting for four bitter years. Unlocked from North Africa, our fighters will swarm across Italy and the Balkans, purging the scoundrels. Invasion now will prove to the Chinese, to the imprisoned peoples of the Pacific, that the day of reckoning is closer; and they, seeing our armed might, will take even greater heart. For the truth is that they too have been dismayed by our inaction in Europe.

For us at home, our deepest responsibility lies in fulfilling the commitments undertaken by the President at Casablanca. There must be a ringing chorus of support for the President's plans, to tell him that we approve, to let him know that we are prepared to give our energies, our lives, and our fortunes to destroy the Axis now. We shall thereby strengthen his hand in dealing with the pettifoggers, the evil minded, the spineless little men in Congress frightened to death at the thought of victory. We have made our choice; the job is **to hasten the day.**

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Two large political groupings dominate the Argentinian parliament and most of the provincial governments. These are the National Democratic Party, President Castillo's own affiliation, and the Radical Party. Both are divided over the neutrality issue, but in different ways and for different reasons. Within Castillo's party there exists a fundamental difference between (1) the outright reactionary faction he leads, which is virtually the lackey of the Nazis and fascists; and (2) the conservatives, formerly led by General Justo, who feel that their interests in the future will gain by cooperation with the United Nations. These conservatives are firmly opposed to Castillo's "neutrality," seeing in it the ruination of the Argentinian economy, and are strongly in favor of breaking relations with the Axis.

The Radical Party is altogether opposed to the Castillo dictatorship, but is seriously divided on the method of destroying it. A large group which includes Raul Damonte Taborda, well known for his exposure of fascist activities in Argentina, has supported unity with all other groups opposing Castillo. But another large section of the party shies away from relations with the progressive forces of Argentina.

The Socialist Party, while small, has influence when it works for national unity. It gained considerable prestige last fall when its Thirty-Fourth Congress invited all democratic parties to help unite the Castillo opposition. However, the party's executive committee has since adopted a resolution prohibiting Socialist members from cooperating with other parties in public meetings. A Red-baiting minority, by raising the false issue of Communism, has played directly into the hands of Castillo and his men.

Argentinian Communists, denied the right of participating in the struggle for national, democratic unity, nevertheless play an important role in focusing attention and political action on the one cardinal issue of the day, the defeat of fascism within and without Argentina.

The most powerful backing for an anti-Axis policy comes from the 300,000 trade unionists, organized in the General Confederation of Workers (affiliated with the Federation of Latin American Workers) who have thrown out an appeaser leadership and are now unequivocally for immediately breaking relations with the Axis and for cooperation among all democratic forces to defeat the Castillo dictatorship.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

BEFORE THE IDES OF MARCH

THE Red Army will be twenty-five years old on February 23. The entire world is looking at its achievements in awe and admiration. No such victorious campaign has ever been waged by any army against a tough adversary as the Red Army has been waging during the last ninety days. Rostov and Voroshilovgrad have fallen. At this writing no one knows what "present" the Red Army has in store for its country for February 23. But even if it has nothing more to give, its contributions have already been gigantic enough to meet any anniversary celebration.

Millions of words will be written all over the world glorifying the Red Army, extolling its heroic deeds, recalling its history, etc. But how much will be done to *help it* in its almost single-handed fight? We feel that an appeal for a contribution of that sort is far more fitting than a verbal tribute, however eloquent and sincere.

THE statements issued after the Roosevelt-Churchill conferences at Casablanca as well as the subsequent speeches of both principal participants leave no doubt that large scale military action on the part of the Western Allies should be expected this year. Mr. Churchill spoke of the "next nine months." Mr. Roosevelt was less specific as far as time is concerned; nevertheless we may be sure of action in 1943.

But is such an assurance sufficient to guarantee a reasonably swift victory? We don't think it is. It is our considered opinion that Allied action in the west or south of Europe, or in the north, for that matter, should come not later than the Ides of March, i.e. in a month or so from now.

Now we are no believers in astrology and so-called "fateful dates." We don't think that the "strategic crystal-gazer" of Berchtesgaden must be brought to the conclusion of his earthly life on the same day of the month that Caesar met his end. Aside from our lack of superstition, we would hesitate to desecrate the memory of Caesar by wishing for such a thing. Our time limit is derived directly from meteorological considerations. In a month from now the thermometer will rise above the freezing point over the southern wing of the German-Soviet front. From the Kursk-Chernigov line southward the middle of March will see an ocean of mud covering the landscape—rich black earth, Ukrainian mud. Symbolically, that line runs through the town of Konotop, which means, I am told, "The Place Where Horses Are Mired." In relation to modern warfare, the town could be renamed "tank-o-top."

On February 14 Drew Pearson reported that "the first rains have fallen on the Russian Front." While of course this report is not very important, it does fix our attention upon things to come soon. The Red Army has not more than a month left to get the German Army *into a spot from which it will be unable to stage any kind of a comeback next spring.* That spot, in my estimation, lies somewhere west of the great historical defensive position of the Dvina and Dnepr Rivers, with the so-called "Gate of Smolensk" between them —the gate is the space between the two "posterns" of Vitebsk and Orsha.

In other words, the Red Army has to drive the Germans west of the Riga-Dvinsk-Polotsk - Vitebsk - Orsha - Kiev - Dnepropetrovosk-Kherson line and establish strong bridgeheads on the western banks of the Dvina and Dnepr in order to insure itself against a German counter-offensive when the ground hardens after the spring thaw.

LET us consider the possibilities and probabilities. To do this we will have to examine the Red Army's performance in the first three months of its offensive.

Roughly speaking, in these ninety days 1,500,000 Axis troops have been put *hors de combat* and about 4,000 planes, 7,000 tanks, 15,000 guns, and 70,000 trucks either captured or destroyed. The losses of the Red Army, though doubtless considerable, are much lighter than that and so the balance of forces in manpower and material has improved considerably in our favor. However, according to my calculations, the total manpower available to the Axis is still some 16,000,000 mobilizable men, while the Soviet Union, everything considered has hardly more than 11,000,000 available. True, the great areas of probable encirclement and annihilation of the Axis armies in the Don Basin and the Kuban (around Stalino and Novorossisk) will probably yield a few hundred thousand enemy casualties and great quantities of materiel, but it is impossible for the ratio of forces to be equalized before the summer season.

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This inequality of forces between Germany and the Soviet Union must be offset by an exceptionally advantageous defensive-offensive position, and it does seem to me that such a position is the Red Army one described above; namely, the line of the two great rivers with bridgeheads, say at Dneproprtovsk, Cherkassi, Kiev, Moghilev, Vitebsk, Dvinsk, and maybe Riga. The acquisition of this position by the Red Army would mean not only the possession of crossings over an important river barrier, but a reversal of the unfavorable balance in railroad transportation. It would deprive the German Army, on the other hand, of a possible jumping-off place for any third offensive in the East.

If the German High Command knows what is good for it, and has got rid of the fuehrer's "intuitions," it is beating it for the Dnepr line. Let us accept this optimistic assumption (which is far from proved, by the way) and see whether the Red Army can follow through and establish bridgeheads over the Dnepr, let us say, by March 15 or so.

Red Army movements along the operational directions of Stalingrad-Rostov, Voronezh-Kursk, and Voronezh-Krasnoarmeisk can provide some clues.

In examining the Stalingrad-Likhaya direction we must bear in mind that calculations should not begin with November 19, because on that day the Red Army started the encirclement of von Paulus' Sixth Army, and that is an operation which is independent of the forward push in a westerly direction. This latter push started on Christmas Day and carried the Red Army to Rostov by February 14, about 250 miles in fifty-one days. The other thrust, aimed at Rostov from the north, carried the Red Army from south of Voronezh to Likhaya, a distance of about 150 miles in two months.

In the Kursk direction the Red Army marched 125 miles in fourteen days, overcoming the resistance of the first great "hedgehog"—Kursk—in the "old winter line" of the German Army.

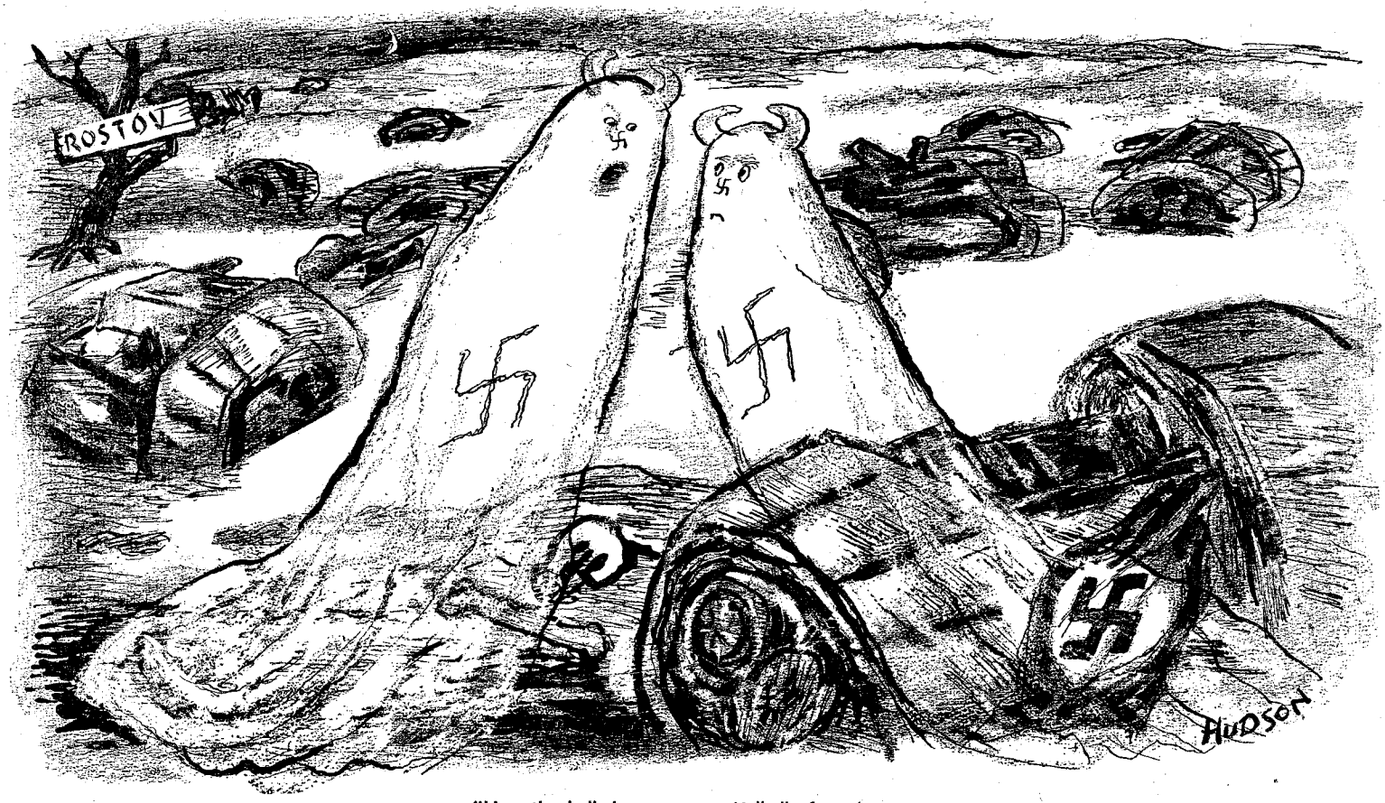
General Vatutin's thrust southwest of Voronezh carried his armies 200 miles to Krasnoarmeisk in thirty days, which operation included the cracking of the powerful Donetz River defense position of the Germans as well as great tank counter-combats in the region of Kramatorskaya against desperately counter-attacking German panzer forces.

Then the Red Army's average rate of progress, calculated on the strength of performance under the most divers circumstances, is a little less than seven miles per day. (Omitted from this estimate is the Red Army offensive in the North Caucasus, which had an average rate of better than ten miles per day, because the conditions there were of a peculiar character and it would not be "fair" to include this campaign in calculations involving the future campaign on the eastern bank of the Dnepr.)

But with the Red Army offensive rolling forward at a rate of slightly less than seven miles per day, can we expect it to take and hold bridgeheads over the Dnepr by the time the thaws set in on the southern wing of the front? We would have to give the Soviets about two weeks to advance to the initial position for forcing a passage across the Dnepr, and another two weeks to prepare the supreme assault across the river. All of which means that the Red Army will have to cover, at the present rate, about 100 miles in all crucial directions.

Where would that take it? West of Kursk it would reach Konotop, halfway to Kiev, and would fall short of the goal by more than 100 miles. Southwest of Kharkov it would reach a little beyond Poltava, i.e., it would fall short of Kremenchug or Cherkassi by forty and 100 miles, respectively. West of Rostov it would fall short of the Dnepr estuary by at least 200 miles. The only point on the Dnepr it could reach would be Dnepropetrovsk and Zaporozhie, but here concentrated German resistance must be expected.

Thus, barring a miracle, or a headlong German flight across the Dnepr, the Red



"How the hell do we get to Valhalla from here?"

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Army cannot reach the line of that river and capture solid bridgeheads across it by the time the Ides of March are here. On the Northern Wing, the Red Army has to march from 100 to 250 miles to the Dvina. This means that the enemy must be faced by a real second front in Europe by that day, or at least must be given definite and unmistakable signs of its imminent opening—such signs as Rommel saw at El Alamein in the end of October, presaging the Allied landing in North Africa.

The space limits for enacting the Casablanca decisions are clear: they are the boundaries of Europe, whether north, west, or south. *The time limit to us looks like the Ides of March.* Keeping within both space and time limits would be the best present the Allies could make to the Red Army on its twenty-fifth anniversary.

If the Germans are given a period of respite while the mud in the East reigns supreme, the price of victory will go up several hundred thousand lives on our side. The Western Allies *must strike* while the mud in the East is not dry yet, i.e., before May 1. Germany has many human resources yet. It is groggy for the moment, but it can recover. The thing is to prevent such a recovery and prevent the organization of these resources.

To the hope that this shall be done I add my profound professional admiration for the Red Army and best wishes that it will prove my analysis and timetable entirely too conservative.

AROUND THE WORLD

CUBA ROLLS UP HER SLEEVES

Havana.

THE central feature of Cuban life today is the war. Cuba has rolled up her sleeves and gone to work with the United Nations. Her cooperation with her great neighbor to the north has been unstinted. And perhaps more than some of the other belligerents, our country is suffering the economic consequences of the conflict.

Our sacrifices, made willingly and wholeheartedly in the interests of victory and a beneficial peace, have not deterred a closer unity with the United States. Here is an example of our cooperation with Washington. We have sold our 1942 sugar crop, some 4,000,000 tons, at a price of 2.65 cents per pound which is a quarter of a cent less than the average price during the last thirty years. This reduction in price was in keeping with President Batista's orders to a Cuban sugar mission in Washington to accept whatever prices might be proposed by the American government through the defense supplies corporation.

Since Pearl Harbor, Cuba has exerted itself to establish the necessary measures for the coordination of her economy with that of the United States. Cuba has also, in accord with official US agencies and Cuban labor and capital, stimulated the production and export of strategic minerals which until now have been mined very little or not at all. Our country has also increased the production of foodstuffs such as corn, rice, beans, and vegetable oils. This has been done to take care of the needs of the other countries of the Caribbean as well as our own, inasmuch as these foodstuffs are almost impossible now to import from the United States. Cuba last summer signed an agreement with Washington to set up at Santiago de Cuba—the second largest port of the country—a center for storage and distribution of food for all the islands of the Caribbean.

Cuba's collaboration with both the United Nations is not, however, limited to the economic sphere. We have arranged with Mexico and the United States military agreements of decided importance. Our government has authorized Washington to construct and maintain a special aviation training camp, and by accord with Mexico a joint air patrol of the Gulf.

War measures taken by the Cuban government include the registration of 320,000 (our population is slightly over 4,000,000) men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Last August the government also undertook the compulsory registration of the whole male population between eighteen and sixty. In October began the voluntary enlistment of women for the auxiliary corps. Women organized in the Women's Civil Defense Service number 10,000. A central Council of Civil Defense has been established, as well as an office of war propaganda. The government has also taken the necessary steps for adequately equipping both recruits and already existing military, aerial, and naval units. The Ministry of Defense, with the approval of the president, has undertaken voluntary enlistments for all Cubans between eighteen and thirty-five who are ready to fight wherever and whenever necessary. In the capital alone for a considerable time enlistments were no lower than 300 daily. And at present Cuba has thousands ready to fight voluntarily whenever the authorities decide.

THE economic situation of the Island is becoming acute. Many materials and consumer products are becoming scarce or unobtainable. We find it harder and harder to export our main crops. Many of our old markets no longer exist. It is obvious that Cuba needs the assistance of the United Nations, particularly Washington, to surmount the difficulties which face her.

Despite these problems, the past year has seen a strengthening of the country's progressive and popular forces. President Batista's government has the support of a majority of the people and the complete backing of the Cuban Confederation of Labor, the only central national labor organization. The fifth column is now unmasked and constantly under attack. The people are vigilant in detecting enemy agents—even those who deck themselves in the flag.

INEXCUSABLE political rivalries, exploited to some extent by the enemies' secret maneuvers, have prevented the formation of a government of national unity. This, however, does not seem far from realization despite the negative attitude of some of the opposition leaders. Only one party, the *Autenticos,* whose chief is Grau San Martin, has refused for very poor reasons to collaborate with the government. Other non-government parties, such as the ABC, have pledged their support of President Batista. Many observers feel that the participation of the ABC in the Cabinet is imminent. The support and collaboration between the Communist Party and the President is closer than ever. This fact is unique in hemisphere politics and is an indication of Cuba's political development within recent years.

Of great importance for Cuba, without any doubt, is the recent visit of President Batista to Washington. The best in Cuban opinion welcomed the Batista-Roosevelt talks. All of us expect that these conversations will result not only in closer unity between our two peoples in the common task of facing the enemy but will also lead to a better understanding of common problems.

EUGENIO SOLER.

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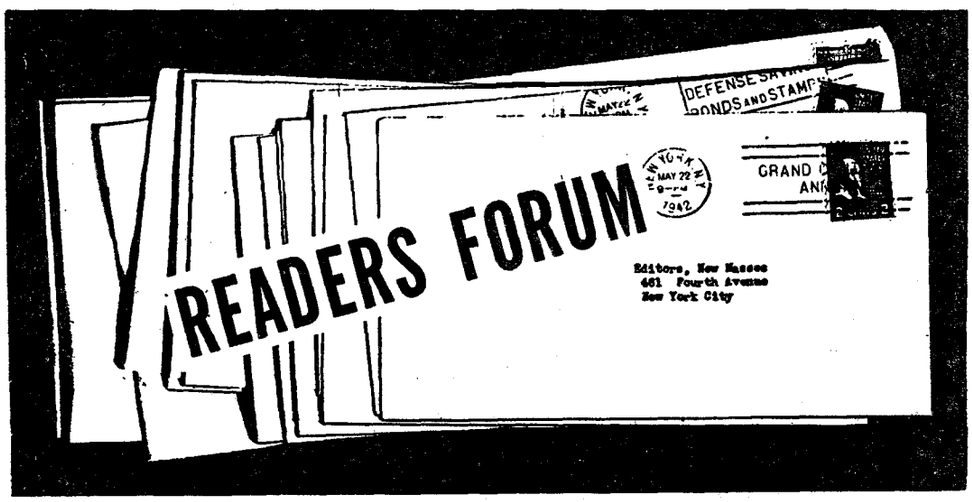

Music from the People?

To New Masses: Permit me to question the philosophy pervading the otherwise excellent review by Paul Rosas of the "All-Russian Program," in your February 9 issue.

It is based on Wagner's sweeping assertion made in 1848 in a burst of revolutionary ardor that "all great music comes from the people."

There is no doubt that Wagner made this statement, even though his own music qualifies it almost to the point of direct contradiction. Where in any of the Wagner operas is folk material used? Even the dance of the apprentices in Meistersinger was of his own composition, though one might here have expected something else. As a matter of fact, much of Wagner's music was so far from being of the people that only with the financial assistance provided by Liszt did it become possible through repeated performance and propagandizing to make it comprehensible to the very people supposed to be its spiritual progenitors.

The curious thing is that now Wagner's music has finally become "of the people"; any concert manager knows that an all-Wagner program is a sure way of obtaining a record attendance.

So here we find the reverse process—music instead of coming from the people being created by an individual in a musical language almost totally at variance with the musical understanding of that particular period.

However the people eventually catch up with the new idiom, appreciate its greatness, and make it their own.

It cannot be disputed that the same is true of most other great music, much of which is ahead of its time, and seldom utilizing thematic material close at hand. Where, for example, does the German folk song or folk dance find expression in the works of Bach—the B Minor Mass, his organ fugues, the *Kunst der Fuge* or the Well-Tempered Clavichord?

Beethoven, with all his democratic instincts, hardly ever uses folk material. The only instances that come to mind are an unimportant set of piano variations and the finale of his string quartet Op. 59, No. 1, which he labels "*Theme russe.*" His symphonies are entirely devoid of it. Even in the Pastoral, when he wishes to express the thankfulness of the countryside after the storm, he uses a theme of his own concoction.

Brahms wrote his Hungarian dances—hardly great music. His truly great works such as his symphonies and concertos are devoid of folk material. The Academical Festival Overture (a weak work) has a few student songs. The finale of one of his piano quartets has a Hungarian-like theme—probably his own.

Consider the three last Mozart symphonies (his greatest), the Schubert and Schumann symphonies, the Cesar Franck, the six Tchaikowsky symphonies, only one of which (the finale of the Fourth) contains a folk song. The great concertos of Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, the great choral works, the Messiah, the Creation, Elijah, Mozart's Requiem, his great Mass in C Minor—where, in any of these, is there folk material?

Possibly, however, we are taking Wagner's words too literally. He may have had German folklore in mind, on which he drew so largely for his librettos, and which inspired so much of his music, so that in this sense great music (at least Wagner's) may be said to come from the people.

On the other hand, Wagner may have been thinking of the people as potential audiences, of his desire to communicate his art, to feel at one with the people, to express their desires, their aspirations, their frustrations.

However our commentator takes Wagner's words at their face value, for he says, elaborating on this point:

"We can only wish together with the people of the Soviet Union that Shostakovich will increasingly absorb the rich and soulful folk music of the past and the stirring Red Army songs of today, that he will integrate this heritage with his outstanding technical skill so that he can express more fully the hopes, tragedies, and victories of his own people."

Now the writer has a warm spot for Russian folk songs and Red Army songs, but he wonders what has been gained by the conscious incorporation of some of this material into the symphonies of a composer as strongly creative as Shostakovich.

The writer would prefer to modify Mr. Rosas' words to read as follows:

"Write according to your sincere æsthetic convictions, in the way that comes most natural to you. This may be off the beaten path, and your work may not be appreciated at once, but if it is valid, it will eventually establish a bond between you and the people, who will understand your message and be moved by it. They are the final audience who must be reached if your music is to endure."

Wallingford Riegger.

New York, N. Y.

No Berths for Soldiers

To New Masses: I have a big gripe which I would like to get off my chest. I've just finished a long business trip which involved my spending about two weeks all told in pullmans and coaches. The things I saw made me furious. Our boys on furlough were sleeping in the aisles with newspapers for both mattress and blanket. When they could they crowded into the men's room to spend the night. I asked the pullman conductor why empty uppers and lowers couldn't be turned over to them. "No soap," he said, "company orders." So the berths went unused.

In one big city in the South I saw hundreds of men in uniform trying to board a train. Some of them got on, most were left behind because they didn't have a pullman ticket. They were forced to spend twelve hours waiting for the next train and then there was no telling whether they could get on. One of the soldiers I spoke with, and I believe he was typical, had a ten-day leave. He was sore as blazes having to spend precious hours of it in a cold railroad terminal. I also saw fancy prices, even with a percentage reduction, charged soldiers in diners.

The railroads have been patting themselves on the back—notice the fancy ads in the big magazines—for the wonderful job they're doing. Maybe they are. But what I saw on passenger trains tells quite another story. To be sure there were many passengers who had no business traveling if all they were doing was visiting "Aunt Lil whom they hadn't seen since last summer." Perhaps it's about time that all railroad travel be rationed and that non-essential riding be eliminated. But the railroads themselves are presenting a sorry spectacle in the treatment of soldiers on leave.

Chicago. Arthur Jonas.

Red Army Anniversary

To New Masses: We think your New York readers will be interested in the dinner being held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army, under the auspices of *Soviet Russia Today* and a distinguished list of sponsors. It will take place on February 22, Washington's Birthday, at the Hotel Commodore, and the speakers will include former Ambassador Davies, Major General Thomas A. Terry, representing the War Department, Sen. Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and Capt. Sergei N. Kournakoff. Vilhjalmur Stefansson will be chairman. The dinner is being tendered to Rear Adm. Mikhail I. Akulin, vice chairman of the Soviet Government Purchasing Commission, Maj. Pavel I. Barayev, attache for the Mechanized Forces of the Red Army, and Capt. Pavel N. Asseyev of the Red Air Force. For further details call *Soviet Russia Today* (MUrray Hill 3-3855).

Jessica Smith

New York, N. Y. *Editor, Soviet Russia Today*

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BOSS TAFT OF OHIO

Behind the Bricker-for-President boom. Why the people of Ohio chanted "FDR, Not RAT." The finaglings of the new Ohio Gang stand between the people and victory.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEN. ROBERT A. TAFT put everything he had into his bid for the Republican nomination for President in 1940. His efforts only succeeded in convincing the great majority of voters who heard him on the radio, or listened to him from the platform, or watched his lamentable antics in the newsreels, that Taft was crashingly dull and depressingly fatuous. The senator angrily admitted that his excursion into the national limelight had done him more harm than good. Never again, he told his wife, would he go after the presidential nomination.

Senator Taft should not be taken too literally. What he meant was that he would not campaign nationally. There are, however, other ways to skin an elephant. Senator Taft hit upon a new tactic to gain his ends—it can be dubbed the oblique approach. The senator starts out with the pretense that he has lost all interest and, having established this idea, expects to creep up on the nomination before anyone is quite sure of his intentions.

Hence, the boom labeled "Bricker for President." Last week I reported on Taft's new Ohio Gang, which has gathered behind Ohio's Gov. John W. Bricker. At best, Bricker is a stalking horse for Taft. To the senator, he is the Big Chance. For despite the general impression that Taft is a slightly ridiculous stuffed shirt devoid of political sex appeal, the senator in actuality is shrewd, wily, and extremely knowing. In Governor Bricker, Taft believes he has improvised a three-way gamble to bring him to power. Here is how he sizes up his prospects:

1. Taft has already thrown Bricker's hat into the presidential ring, as I related last week. Thereby the senator begins to popularize the notion that the next Republican nominee should be a Midwesterner, preferably from Ohio. Boosting Bricker, whom Taft privately considers a social and political upstart, can serve to knife Willkie and the other Republican progressives, head off Dewey in the East, and prepare the ground for the "grassroots" reactionaries. As a by-product, Taft has announced Bricker's availability quite early in the game, which may prove fatal to the Ohio governor. Then Taft will profit by having removed a dangerous rival. He can logically expect the 1944 convention to turn to him if Bricker fails, because isn't Ohio Taft's home state, and can't the new Ohio Gang switch from Bricker to the senator at a nod from Taft?

2. If, however, Bricker does win the nomination, Taft steps into the role of President-maker. Should Bricker actually be elected, then Taft, who owns the machine that pushed Bricker into prominence, will certainly be returned to the Senate where his voice will command respect in the high councils of state. Perhaps Taft will bargain for a Cabinet post. Any way you look at it, if Bricker becomes Chief Executive, Taft will wield immense power—like Mark Hanna when McKinley moved to Washington.

J. Ward

Robert A. Taft

3. Most important of all, the Bricker boom offers Taft an invaluable advantage in the Senate today. No matter what happens, Bricker's bid assures Taft of a splendid bargaining position at the 1944 Republican convention. He will be able to use the bloc of votes ostensibly pledged to Bricker, as a club, or to trade favors, or to be sold to the bidder with most to offer. The understanding between Taft and Bricker grants the initiative to the senator. As a result Taft becomes a figure whom all old-line Republicans in Congress have reason to propitiate. He has become a power; when he favors a sales tax or anti-labor legislation, or reduced taxes on excess profits, or when he opposes lend-lease, Taft demands more attention than just another senator. He is a political boss with a candidate in tow; in the future he may even have patronage to dispense.

Taft cherishes his role. He has never been given his due in the press—he has no flair for the spotlight and he lacks the flamboyant and exuberant qualities that pay off in publicity. Yet a study of the *Congressional Record* for 1942, a careful examination of what went on in committees of the 77th Congress, reveal Taft as a prime mover of the anti-New Deal forces. Now, with still more prestige, Taft minces around the Senate floor, planning strategy, giving directives. He has always been more effective buzzing into a colleague's ear or trading behind closed doors than from the rostrum.

WHEN Robert Taft was still a bespectacled, sour-faced adolescent, his genial, rotund father, not yet President, spoke in Akron just before leaving to take his post as governor-general of the Philippines. In that address, William Howard Taft berated the 1905 Republican machine as a "local despotism," declaring "I should vote against the municipal ticket of the Republican organization." The regulars never forgave the old man. Young Bob learned his first great lesson—it is safer in politics to tag along with the gang than to be fearlessly independent.

Perhaps this story is unfair to Robert Taft. He has been honest enough in his own fashion—frankly, he always found himself in complete agreement with the Ohio Republican organization no matter how despicable the machine's policies and maneuverings appeared to the man on the street. When the forces of better government went after the remnants of the Harding outfit in Cincinnati, Robert Taft fought side by side with the ward heelers to hold the grafters in power. Robert Taft has never had anything of the crusader about him; he underwent no urge to sow political wild oats as do most neophytes, as even young Landon did when he flirted long ago with the Bull Moosers.

His career is not great drama. Robert Alphonso Taft, born Sept. 8, 1889, graduated from Yale, won his law degree at Harvard, and returned to his hometown of Cincinnati where he built up the most lucrative and important corporation practice in southern Ohio. In 1920 he went to the Ohio House of Representatives where he served six years. He entered the state Senate in 1931 for a year. He came to Washington as senator from Ohio in 1938. It cost him $159,491 to win the election. The immensity of his campaign expenditures caused an ugly scandal. The Senate Sheppard Committee investigated and reported Taft's outlay "exceeded the combined expenditures of all senatorial candidates in any other state."

Taft could afford to be free with money, with an income of around $50,000 a year from investments, not counting what he received from his lucrative law practice. Yet the 1938 campaign had elements of irony. His wife Martha accompanied him and, as the campaign progressed, took to wearing shabby dresses in order to be closer

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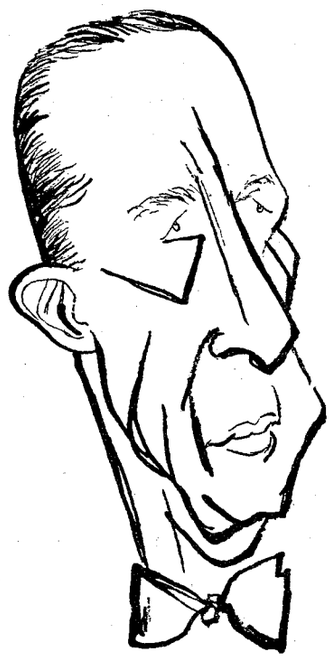
to the people—a stratagem that appealed to some and enraged many others. In view of Taft's liberality in his own cause, cynics joked about his campaign theme: "A spirit of utter reckless extravagance has pervaded the entire Roosevelt administration."

In the Ohio state legislature, both as representative and senator, Taft concentrated on tax and fiscal problems. He wrote Ohio's basic tax laws still in force, preparing the way for the high sales tax which his lieutenants put over a year after he had left Columbus. He successfully blocked a state income tax. As Chamber of Commerce spokesman, translating big business' demands into legislation, Taft's career may not have been vulgarly spectacular, but he satisfied the largest corporations that he was as regular as Old Faithful if not so exhibitionistic.

It was inevitable that Taft should develop a corroding hatred of President Roosevelt and the New Deal. "Social security is socialism," he pronounced, and that was that. The wealthy scion of Cincinnati's first family showed no patience with "idealists" who suspected that perhaps a divine will had not ordained that the poor should be always with us come what may. Taft held strictly to things as they were—fifty years ago. He dreamed of the good old days of the eighties and nineties, when John D. Rockefeller, Sr., proved how far individual initiative could go. Taft continues to yearn for a restoration of the Mark Hanna-McKinley era, which in his opinion brought glory to Ohio and the nation. As a result of his fight to turn the clock of history backward, Taft finds himself an isolationist. One thing leads to another—from Taft's brand of isolationism to appeasement, to friendship with the American Firsters and native fascists.

Senator Taft, intent on becoming a President-maker — whether that means Governor Bricker in the White House, or (his innermost hope), Robert A. Taft himself—is a great one for legalisms, for "correctness" in politics. That, he maintains, is his great quarrel with the Roosevelt administration—the New Deal's violation of "constitutionality." He has perfected a response to any administration proposal: "Oh," he cries, "I am all for the same thing, I only question the method of getting there." His questioning, however, always seems to frustrate any advance toward the goal.



NAM's Crawford—Taft's admirer

He has always been viciously anti-labor —not of course because he opposes unions, but only because any attempt to protect labor's rights, bargaining power, security, or ability to organize is inevitably in Taft's opinion "illegal." He opposes grants to small farmers or subsidies to small business for the same reason. Similarly, he fights the New Deal, whether on price-control or rationing, housing or relief, social security or lend-lease. But he pushes a ten-percent national sales tax, endorsed by the National Association of Manufacturers and by the US Chamber of Commerce.

But it is in relation to the war that Taft most clearly reveals himself. He voted to limit the use of American armed forces to the Western Hemisphere. He voted against the ship seizure bill. He voted to limit the extension of training for draftees to six months. He voted against repeal or revision of the Neutrality Act. He voted against the lend-lease appropriation of October 1941. He voted against extending training for drafted men to eighteen months.

All this time his friendship for Wheeler grew. "Mr. Wheeler is as patriotic an American as anyone," he declared flatly. He felt the same way about Lindbergh. "Colonel Lindbergh's views are those of a patriotic American." The senator, like his friends, shows no fear of the Nazis. "War is worse than a German victory," Taft told the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Small wonder, Gerald L. K. Smith recently placed Taft as his number one choice for President in 1944, with Taft's man Bricker in seventh place. Small wonder, Coughlin has found much to admire in Taft.

Robert A. Taft's hatred of armed conflict with the Axis has been so great that he has been drawn close to America First. He did not join—his political advisers dissuaded him—but he stated privately that he approved many America First principles. Taft's wife spoke at an America First rally with Senator Nye. Taft himself appeared at an America First rally and picnic in May 1940. He sponsored a luncheon for William R. Castle of America First in December 1940. Wheeler, Nye, Lindbergh all frequently spoke in Cincinnati, Taft's bailiwick, and were entertained by the Taft family.

On June 25, 1941, three days after the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union, Taft went on the air over a national hookup

Gerald L. K. Smith—"Taft for President"

to warn: "If Stalin wins, it is a victory of Communism. . . . The victory of Communism would be far more dangerous to the United States than the victory of fascism." Twelve days before Pearl Harbor Taft declared: "I always have been opposed to the idea of an AEF. I still hope that a satisfactory peace may come before that effort is necessary." Nine months after Pearl Harbor, September 1942, he called President Roosevelt's demand for anti-inflation legislation an attempt "to induce the American people into accepting the rule of a man on horseback—a dictator." Two months later he urged Attorney General Biddle to review the evidence on which twenty-eight Axis agents, anti-Semites, and saboteurs had been indicted. Again this year Taft rushed to the defense of public enemies and spies. Recently he wrote to Gerald B. Winrod of Kansas, notorious anti-Semite under federal indictment, "I feel very strongly that the methods pursued by the government in their Washington indictments present a real danger to the continuation of freedom in this country." But note that Taft has never stressed the danger to American liberties from a Nazi victory, or from an active fifth column at home.

WITH full justice, Taft can be labeled an isolationist turned appeaser, an advocate of negotiated peace with the enemy, an obstructionist sniping at every administration wartime policy, a defeatist busily slandering the United Nations, a defender of well known fascists and fifth columnists, a collaborator with the worst Hamfishes. But no label fully indicates his menace to American security. Because Taft is not merely another senator actively weakening the fight against fascism: he is czar of the new Ohio Gang which has become the organizational nucleus of the most reactionary, the most predatory political coalition in the country. Taft is determined to capture the Presidency for the Hoover-

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Taft-Vandenberg faction in the Republican Party. Taft has built a formidable machine in a key state; the intention is to move in on Washington, to control the federal government.

The new Ohio Gang spreads out from Cincinnati. Here Taft controls the city government, as well as the powerful Hamilton County Republican committee. He has at his disposal the *Times-Star,* owned by the Taft family and edited by his cousin Hurlbut Taft, the Colonel McCormick of southern Ohio. Hurlbut Taft can give pointers to Patterson's *Daily News;* his fulsome praise of Herbert Hoover, Alf Landon—and Senator Taft—is a regular feature; so are his virulent smears of President Roosevelt.

The Taft Cincinnati machine selects the delegation to the state legislature in Columbus. Taft spokesmen rule key committees in both houses, and Governor Bricker defers to their leadership. As would be expected, the national congressmen from Cincinnati now in Washington are also Taft men—Charles H. Elston and William E. Hess. But then, most of the Ohio delegation looks to Taft for leadership—after all, Taft campaigned for Vorys, Clevenger, Jones, Brown, and Smith, all of whom have opposed almost every administration bill, no matter what, and all of whom are friendly toward the isolationists, lending their votes to hampering the war effort. Besides, Taft campaigned for Thomas A. Jenkins of Ironton, John L. Lewis' stooge, obstructionist who finds it possible to serve Lewis and Taft simultaneously. (And here it is worth noting that Taft's man Bricker addressed the state and national conventions of Lewis' United Mine Workers, during the 1942 election campaign.) Taft also unsuccessfully went out of his way to fight the reelection of Michael Kirwan, supporter of the war effort, with a good labor record. In doing so, Taft tacitly gave his blessing to James T. Begg, enthusiastic isolationist and coiner of the phrase "Let 'em starve in China."

THE Cincinnati Republican Party is a power—and the dominant power—in the Ohio Republican organization. Taft's man, Ed Schorr, is state chairman. Originally from Cincinnati, Schorr now makes his headquarters in Columbus, where he is known to be particularly close to the Wolfe family, once so friendly with the Harding gang and especially with Harry Daugherty, Harding's Attorney General. The Wolfes own Bancohio, a holding company of some twenty-six state banks; they own two radio stations; they own the Wear-U-Well Shoe Corp., one of the largest shoe chains in the country; they own the tabloid *Sunday Star,* the Ohio *State Journal,* and the Columbus *Dispatch.* Ed Schorr serves as liaison man between Taft and the local Wolfe machine. In addition, Schorr has a large voice in the still-formative Bricker for President campaign. They say Schorr is the future Postmaster General, if Bricker ever arrives at the White House.

Taft's links into Cleveland, Ohio's largest city and the industrial capital of the state, are also intimate. His cousin, David S. Ingalls, is one of the largest financial powers in northern Ohio. Through Ingalls, who holds an interlocking directorate with James Bruce of Republic Steel, Taft ties in with the Little Steel interests. The Ingalls family always collaborated with the Tafts in national and state politics; when David Ingalls left for service in the Navy, he gave Taft his proxy as Republican national committeeman, which allowed Taft to attend the St. Louis meeting and to attack Willkie.

In addition, Taft's law partner, John Hollister, gives Taft invaluable connections in the East. In his own right, Taft has cultivated friendships with the Geier family, largest machine tool manufacturers in Cincinnati, with Ben Tate of the Appalachian Coal Co., with Charles Williams of Western Southern Life Insurance, with John J. Rowe of the Fifth Third Union National Bank of Cincinnati. Rowe is close to the Timken family, of the Timken Roller Bearing Co., in the middle of the state—the Timkens donated $5,000 to Taft's campaign chest in 1938. All these figures, with their great influence, form a solid foundation for Taft's machine.

THE list could go on indefinitely. Taft's ardent admirer, F. C. Crawford of Cleveland, head of Thompson Products, now president of the National Association of Manufacturers, speaks with the voice of the du Ponts. That means the du Pont family, controlling NAM policies, are also kindly disposed toward the Ohio senator. In 1940 the du Ponts donated a considerable sum to Taft's Republican state committee as a gesture of friendliness. F. C. Crawford, bitter foe of organized labor and biggest headache of the NLRB, is an enthusiastic public speaker. "Sic 'em Frank," has become the watchword of Cleveland's Union Leaguers, gathered to hear President Roosevelt defamed. Not long ago Crawford indignantly declared: "I am *not* Cleveland's number one fascist." It seems hardly a coincidence that a Taft partisan, Crawford of Ohio, should be named NAM president just as Taft warms up for the 1944 presidential election.

Then there is J. F. Lincoln of Cleveland, former treasurer of the Republican State Committee, head of the largest welding equipment company in the nation, and president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, a strong influence in state politics. Mr. Lincoln is active in the Associated Industries, once known as the American Plan Association, devoted to the task of putting labor leaders in jail. Mr. Lincoln supports Taft, even though he complained to the senator on a pullman bound for Boston that Taft was not reactionary enough to suit him. Mr. Lincoln has a suspicious nature. When it was proposed that Cleveland hold a United Nations day of prayer, J. F. Lincoln doubted the efficacy of the idea, since, he pointed out, there are so many foreigners in Cleveland, and who could tell what some of them might pray for? Mr. Lincoln stands foursquare for negotiated peace—he writes innumerable letters to the press urging this course. He is a big shot among Union Leaguers, despite his eccentric ways; his word has weight with the Chamber of Commerce, and his word today is Taft.

Of such is the new Ohio Gang. Unlike the Harding clique, it is a big city organization, with no interest in petty loot but with decided ambition to take over the federal government. It ties together the city machines, the state Republican apparatus, the NAM, the Chamber of Commerce, the leading isolationist industrialists, the state legislature, Governor Bricker, and finally Senator Taft, the man at the controls. It is based in Cincinnati, with strong subsidiaries in Columbus, Cleveland, and the Mahoning Valley. It naturally attracts the support of defeatists everywhere, not alone in Ohio but also in the nation—from Hoover and Landon, from the du Ponts and their NAM friends, from Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith, and not forgetting John L. Lewis.

Only the people of Ohio are omitted from the new Ohio Gang. The people have sometimes been cruel to Taft—as in 1940, when they observed his initials and chanted "FDR, not RAT." Rank-and-file Republicans in Ohio favor Willkie, and they support the national war effort. But Taft has no interest in the people. When the time comes, he trusts his machine will find some way to gather in the votes—that's what the new Ohio Gang is for. Certain Ohio Republican leaders show signs of coolness, particularly the two Cleveland representatives in Washington, George H. Bender and Frances Bolton. But while they condemn Taft privately, they are still unwilling to make a clean break with the machine. In Ohio there is increasing feeling among progressives that Bender and Bolton cannot postpone their choice much longer.

TAFT, with Bricker in tow, licks his thin lips in anticipation. The structure behind his reactionary drive begins to take form. Herbert Hoover is cast in the role of national elder statesman. Landon performs as roving emissary. Ham Fish has the job of presenting the gang to the effete East. Hiram Johnson covers the West Coast. There is even a possibility that the southern poll taxers will join the alliance. Nye, Vandenberg, and Taft work the Senate. And Taft as President-maker presents Gov. John W. Bricker, unknown nationally and uncommitted on any issue of importance, as the new savior.

Taft expects to go far. The new Ohio Gang gives him a strong organizational base invaluable in politics. He can hardly wait for 1944. The President-maker moves in—squarely between the American people and victory.

BRUCE MINTON.

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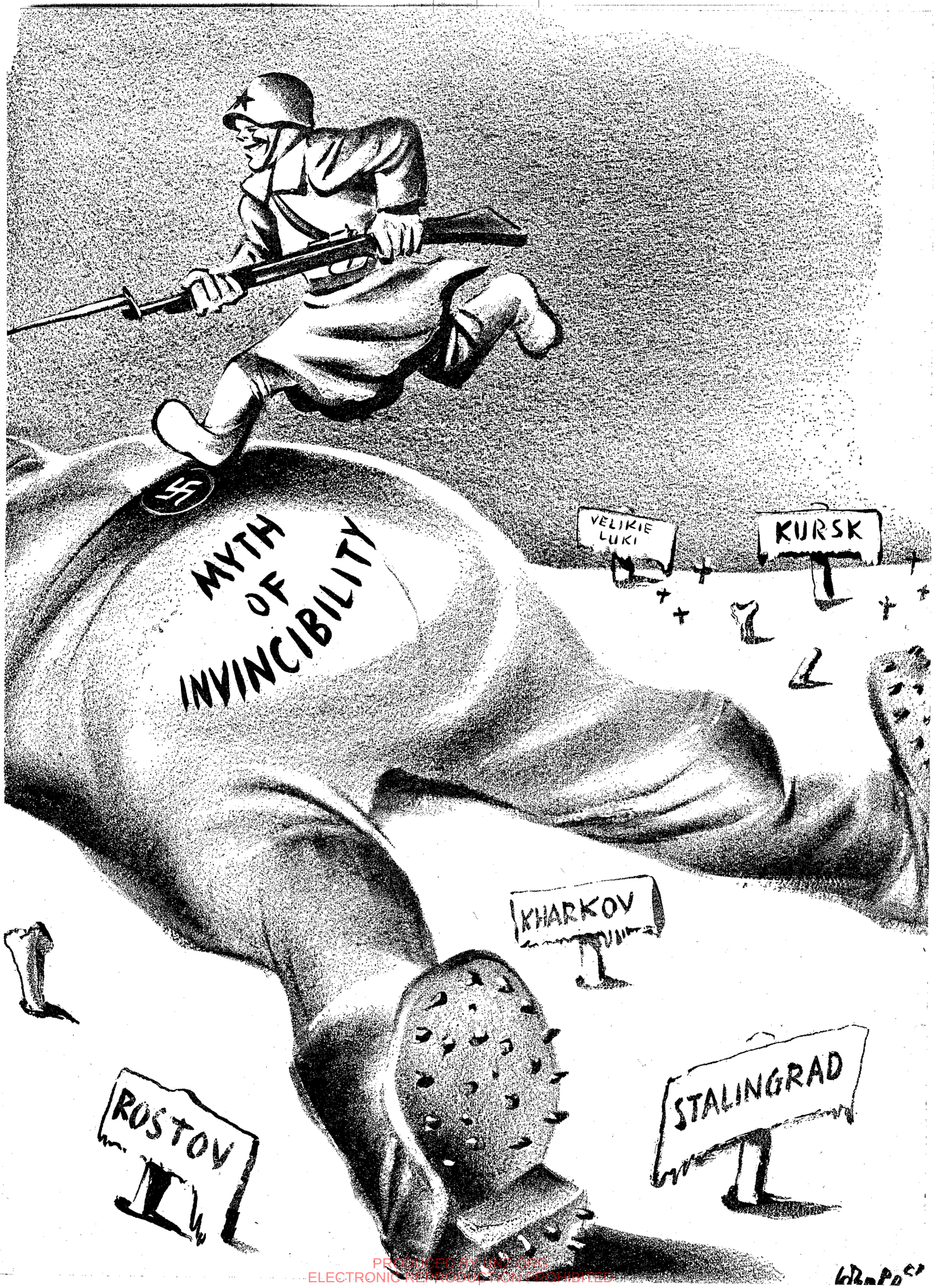

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GEORGE WASHINGTON: CUE FOR '43

"The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be Freemen or Slaves. . . . Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us no choice but a brave resistance or the most abject submission. . . ."

IN THE building of the American nation George Washington occupies a place of unique importance. Brought to the front by the critical events of 1765-75, he fought to free the colonies from Great Britain, and, after independence was achieved, to unite them under a strong national government. He was a man of outstanding resolution, perseverance, and patience, a completely fearless person, capable of rising above adversity. "Defeat," he once said, "is only a reason for exertion. We shall do better next time."

Washington came from one of the first families of Virginia. Bound by ties of marriage to the Fitzhughs, Lees, Carters, and Balls, he was a member of the inner circle of upper class planters whose capital was derived from the labor of servants and slaves. The principal economic activity of Washington and his planter friends was the cultivation of tobacco. Unfortunately, however, by the third quarter of the eighteenth century, tobacco planting was fast becoming an unprofitable business because of growing soil exhaustion and mounting fixed charges. In order to survive, Virginia planters were forced to obtain credit from English merchants. On the eve of the Revolution it was estimated that they owed some 2,000,000 pounds sterling. Assuming that the interest rate was six percent, the tribute exacted from the Virginia plantocracy amounted to 120,000 pounds sterling a year. No wonder Jefferson described his fellow-planters as "a species of property annexed to certain mercantile houses in London."

In order to extricate themselves, the more efficient plantation owners, like Washington, began to shift from tobacco cultivation to wheat, flour, household manufactures, and investments in western lands. The production of wheat and flour would make them less dependent upon neighborhood farmers for such articles, the manufacture of household goods would free them from dependence upon English imports, and investments in frontier lands would provide them with additional income. By saving money and making more, they hoped to liberate themselves from permanent indebtedness. In the last analysis, success in this respect would depend upon their ability to speculate in western lands. Consequently, when the British government adopted measures in 1763 and 1774 to stop this, the die was cast. By 1775 it was evident to Washington and other forward-looking Virginians that the British ruling classes were determined to sacrifice American welfare to the interests of English merchant capital.

So Washington threw in his lot with the progressive forces. As early as 1774 he adopted an uncompromising anti-British position: he was ready to use force if economic pressure in the form of non-importation and non-exportation should fail. He virtually proclaimed himself in open rebellion when he publicly declared: "I will raise 1,000 men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston."

As one of the recognized leaders of the revolutionary party in Virginia, Washington was elected to the Second Continental Congress. Attending the session in his buff-and-blue uniform, this six-foot-three Virginian so impressed his fellow-delegates that he was unanimously chosen, on June 15, 1775, as Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the united colonies. The next day, being notified of his selection, he assured Congress that he was ready "to enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess . . . for the Support of the glorious Cause. . . ." His election was a great step forward in creating colonial unity. It was a Massachusetts man, John Adams, who presented the Virginian's name to Congress, a move calculated to allay southern suspicions with respect to New England motives.

AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the Revolutionary Army, Washington fought to free the thirteen colonies from English rule. He took an uncompromising stand in favor of independence as early as Feb. 10, 1776. In a letter to Joseph Reed, he declared that if all men thought as he did, they would announce to the British government their "determination to shake off all connections with a state so unjust and so unnatural." On July 2, 1776, Washington issued the following order to his troops: "The time is now near at hand which must probably determine, whether Americans are to be Freemen or Slaves. . . . The fate of unknown millions will now depend, under God, on the Courage and Conduct of this Army. Our cruel and unrelenting Enemy leaves us no choice but a brave resistance, or the most Abject Submission. . . ." On the same day this order was issued, Congress passed the Declaration of Independence. The only thing that remained was for Washington to secure it. And secure it he did after a long and bitter struggle. Despite obstacles of every kind, he kept his faith in final victory and with dogged determination passed from Valley Forge to Yorktown. Although accustomed to a life of relative ease and luxury, this wealthy Virginian endured the hardships of campaigns with an equanimity equal to that of the poorest private in the ranks.

Realizing the need of national unity, Washington waged a relentless struggle against every kind of particularism. So strong were local prejudices at the beginning of the war that Washington observed that "Connecticut wants no Massachusetts man in their corps; Massachusetts thinks there is no necessity for a Rhode-Islander to be introduced among them. . . ." Washington went out of his way to fight this separatist spirit. Whenever he could, he drove home the idea of national solidarity. Given a public dinner by the Massachusetts state legislature for raising the siege of Boston, he replied to the address in his honor with "sincere and hearty thanks" and a prayer for the welfare of "the whole of the United Colonies." He also used his orders of the day to urge his troops to lay aside "local attachments and distinctions" so that "one and the same Spirit may animate the whole." Thinking in terms of America, he strongly recommended the federal enlistment of troops instead of the state system then prevailing.

In his efforts to achieve national unity Washington fought not only particularism, but also Toryism. As early as 1775 when he served as chairman of a local Committee of Safety in Virginia, he proceeded against pro-British elements with the utmost dispatch. The Tory historian, Thomas Jones, in his *History of New York during the Revolutionary War* (II, p. 346) tells us that Washington "enforced the resolutions and recommendations of Congress with a high hand. Some who refused obedience to the Committee, he ordered punished,

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and others he imprisoned." His strongly anti-Tory position was further evidenced by the proclamation he issued in January 1777, after his recapture of New Jersey. The proclamation ordered all those who were loyal to the United States to take an oath of allegiance to it and all others to go inside the enemy lines. Those not complying with the order within thirty days were to be "treated as the common enemies of these American States." This proclamation practically provided for the banishment of Tories and the confiscation of their property. It was therefore vigorously assailed in the Tory press which charged Washington with losing "all regard to the common forms of morality . . . and decency of conduct," and with forgetting that he *"once* [sic] was esteemed a gentleman. . . ."

Washington helped not only to free the colonies from Great Britain, but also to bring them under a strong national government. At the close of the Revolutionary War there were some elements in the army who thought of establishing a monarchy. In fact, in 1782, Washington was asked by a Col. Lewis Nicola to assume the title of King. Assurances were given that the army would back such a move. This proposal drew a stinging rebuke from Washington. In a letter to Nicola, dated May 22, 1782, he declared that nothing during the course of the war gave him "more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorence and reprehend with severity. . . . I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my Country."

ALTHOUGH opposed to the establishment of a monarchy, Washington favored the setting up of a strong, central government. After 1783 he viewed with increasing concern the weaknesses of the Confederation. "We are either a united people or we are not so," he wrote James Madison on Nov. 30, 1785. "If the former, let us in all matters of the general concern act as a nation with a national character to support." Like other large property owners, he wanted to see a centralized authority established with power to defend the country, pay the national debt, secure the return of fugitive slaves, and protect private property against domestic insurrections and hostile state legislatures. The tocsin was sounded when in 1786 Shays' Rebellion broke out in Massachusetts. The celebrated Virginian was deeeply disturbed by this event and readily joined with others to advocate the establishment of "an efficient General Government for the Union."

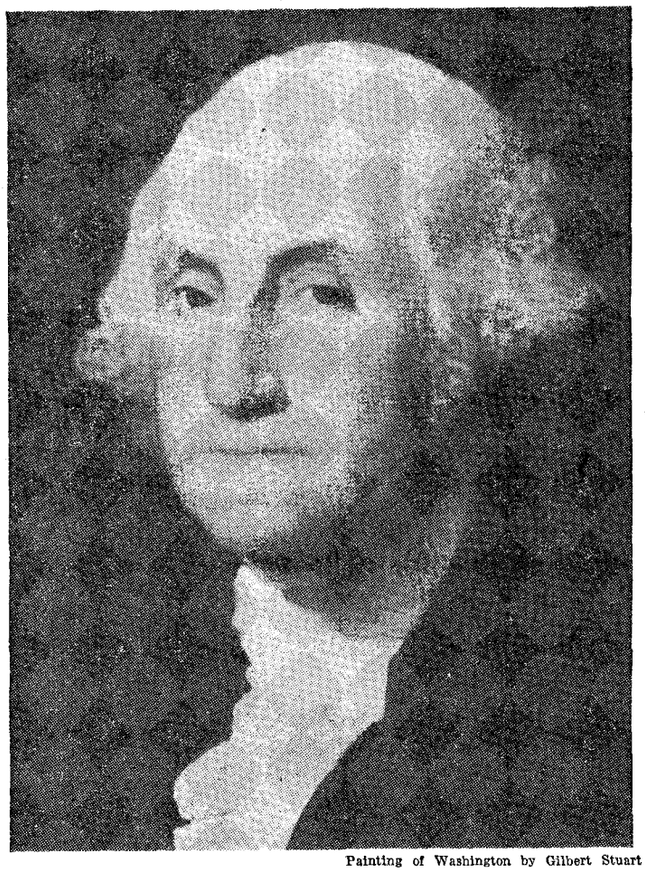
Washington was one of those responsible for calling the great Convention of 1787. After some hesitation he decided to attend its sessions and arrived in Philadelphia amid popular acclaim. He was elected presiding officer and according to Madison, actively participated in the debates only once. This occurred when the Constitution was about to be signed. A proposal was made to base representation in the House on one member for every 30,000 instead of every 40,000 persons. Washington spoke in favor of this more democratic proposal. After the Constitution was submitted to the several states for ratification, he used his influence to secure its adoption.

The Constitution represented a definite step forward. First, it created a government national in scope, a prerequisite for the fuller development of a capitalist economy. Second, it contained provisions for the adoption of amendments and thus permitted the possibilities of democratic changes. Last, it provided for a republican form of government in an age of absolute monarchy.

Washington's elevation to the Presidency gave the new regime the prestige and stability it needed. The Virginian appointed to his Cabinet two men who entertained the most divergent views in regard to the role of the people and the function of government. One was Hamilton, who looked upon the masses with undisguised contempt. As the representative of big property, he advocated a government of, for, and by "the rich and the well born." The other was Jefferson, who had a firm faith in the small farmers and artisans of the country. As their leading spokesman, he favored a government which would work to promote the welfare of the people at large as against one which would strive to advance the interests of special privilege. With such diametrically opposed views, the two men were bound to clash. In the ensuing conflict Washington at first tried to steer a middle course. Ultimately the logic of events—the deepening of the French Revolution and its repercussions in America—as well as his own inclinations, led him to side increasingly with the Hamiltonian faction. As a result, he was sharply criticized by the rising democratic forces. However, these forces never doubted the sincere devotion Washington had for his country.

Today the American people are called upon to preserve the nation Washington worked so hard to establish. In their present fight against the dark forces of Nazi barbarism, they can well emulate the steadiness of purpose, resolute courage, and inflexible will that characterized the Virginian. Moreover, they can learn from him the simple but fundamental truth that victory can be achieved through national unity.

HERBERT M. MORAIS.



Painting of Washington by Gilbert Stuart

George Washington was no isolationist despite the attempts to make him appear so on the basis of a misreading of his Farewell Address. During the early years of our republic he favored close cooperation with revolutionary France, which was then what the Soviet Union is today, the most politically advanced country in the world. In a letter on January 3, 1793, to William Short, American charge d'affairs at Paris, Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson wrote that President Washington had expressed displeasure at Short's hostile comments on the Jacobin phase of the French Revolution. "He [Washington] added, wrote Jefferson, "that he considered France as the sheet anchor of this country and its friendship as a first object." (*Emphasis in the original.*)

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CONGRESS' TASKS—AND OURS

WHAT SHOULD THE NEW CONGRESS DO TO ACHIEVE VICTORY? AND WHAT ARE THE PEOPLE'S DUTIES? A SYMPOSIUM.

Recently we addressed two questions to a group of senators and representatives of the new Congress: questions uppermost in the minds of the American people. They are: 1. What in your opinion are the chief tasks facing Congress? 2. What can the people do to assure the carrying through of these tasks? We publish below the first of the replies received. Others, with comment by the editors, will appear in subsequent issues.

Warren R. Austin

(Senator from Vermont)

IN MY opinion one of the chief tasks facing the new Congress is the development in Congress of leadership in the formation of policies, both internal and external, which make the maximum contribution to victory over our enemies in military combat, and in the complete overthrow of that world order conceived by the Nazis, and supported by the Japanese and the Italians.

This Congress ought to put into legislation the policies of the people relating to war powers, financing, arming and supplying the armed forces, man-hours, manpower, transportation of all forms, communications by telegraph, radio, and cable, tariff, as reflected in trade treaties and Executive agreements, and immigration.

These, and other policies affecting our responsibility in the integrated combat by the United Nations and in the establishment of the new world of peace, good order, good will, and justice, are current demands on the judgment and service of Congress. Congress should formulate these policies and should not leave the formulation thereof to the Chief Executive, who is engaged to the maximum extent of his power in executive activities and military command.

One of the real dangers to the United Nations is the blindness characteristic of times like these, which cannot see beyond physical combat, and seeks only the cessation of hostilities.

One of the prime duties of Congress will be to turn on the light of understanding that the thing for which our sons fight is not the cessation of hostilities so much as it is the establishment for mankind and for posterity of principles which will give the higher assurance of security, opportunity, and justice.

To gain these objectives, work must be progressing now, at home. These objectives will certainly be lost if our people are as unprepared to establish these ideals as world governing principles as they were following World War I.

To assure the carrying out of these tasks, I believe that the people should make themselves heard. Congress will truly represent the people in the prosecution of this war, and such progress toward victory as we do make will be promoted by well informed and candidly expressed public opinion. The voice of the people is increasing in volume and should express unyielding determination to meet their responsibility this time.

Sen. Warren R. Austin

While the conduct of the military phase of victory will have paramount effort, the other phase—to wit, the constructive work on guarantees of economic opportunities, of safety from aggression and exploitation, of peaceful development of the standard of living under freedom, for which our boys are fighting—must be prepared and ready to go into effect.

These guarantees will be possible only if the people vigorously promote them.

Joseph A. Gavagan

(Representative from New York)

IN MY opinion the chief tasks facing Congress in relative importance are:

1. Winning the war; spiritually as well as economically.

2. Establishment of an association of nations to maintain the peace and prevent the recurrence of war; to remove barriers artificial and otherwise, that prevent nations from obtaining necessary sources of raw materials and the wealth of nature.

3. A comity among nations (similar to that existing amongst our individual States) to prevent rearmament and maintain the peace even by force where necessary.

4. A complete suzerainty of the Axis powers until such time (perhaps a generation or two) as its people forsake the love of militarism and the gospel that might makes right.

The people can assure the carrying out of these tasks if they will be ever watchful of those within our midst, lying in wait, to raise again the copperhead slogan of isolationism; and if they will support without stint or complaint the entire war program necessary to victory.

Harry S. Truman

(Senator from Missouri)

I THINK the chief task of the 78th Congress is to adjust the tax rates and make such amendments to the Price-Control Act as will create a common sense enforcement of that program so as to prevent inflation and give every possible help to the expeditious conduct of the war.

Samuel Dickstein

(Representative from New York)

IN MY opinion, the Congress which is now in session has only one aim and plan and that is to do everything possible to bring the war to a successful conclusion. All other tasks must be subordinated to this aim. Any questions dealing with social welfare or the makeup of any postwar world necessarily depend on our victory in this war.

It will, therefore, be our chief task to cooperate with the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy to the end that our manpower is thoroughly mobilized and our resources are placed at the disposal of the nation, that we perform all the labor that is necessary to win the war, and that Congress pass such legislation as will best affect the foregoing purposes.

The people can best help our effort by conforming cheerfully to any laws which may be passed and by accepting any burdens or privations which the law may impose, with good cheer and cooperative understanding.

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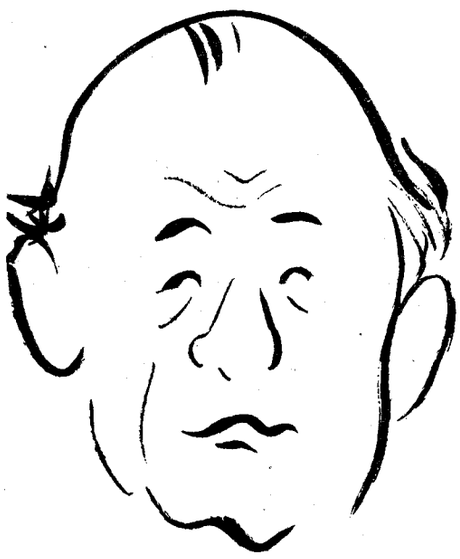

Rep. Samuel Dickstein

Joseph H. Ball

(Senator from Minnesota)

BRIEFLY, it seems to me the main job in winning the war rests on the Executive and about all Congress can do is check up and prod things here and there. I think the greatest contribution Congress can make is in developing plans and programs for the postwar period, both domestic and international. Frankly I have been disappointed in the fact that the administration does not seem to have explored with our Allies the number one postwar task of building a permanent peace. It would help a great deal if we in America had a clear idea of what Russia and China expect in that peace. Obviously we're not going to determine its fundamentals by ourselves.

I think the people can help by prodding the administration into action and by participating in discussion so as to crystallize public opinion on these issues.

Sen. Joseph H. Ball

ABE LINCOLN AND THE WORKERS

THE warm sympathy of Abraham Lincoln for working men and women is manifest in many of his speeches and letters. But perhaps nothing reveals it as clearly as does a little known interview that took place in the White House during the war years, between Lincoln and a delegation of trade unionists. In the fall of 1863, 7,000 members of the New York Machinists and Blacksmiths Union went out on strike for higher wages to meet the tremendous increase in the cost of living. The employers, who were making huge profits on government contracts, appealed to Washington to grant them an extension on their contract to enable them to break the strike. Instantly the union sent a committee to Washington to see the President. An account of the interview, written by a correspondent who accompanied the delegation, appeared in the Nov. 28, 1863, issue of *Fincher's Trade Review,* the outstanding labor paper of the Civil War era.

"We were received," wrote the correspondent, "in a manner that shows . . . the worthy old gentleman had not left all his sympathies for laboring men with his maul and wedges in the prairie state. . . . He told us he could do nothing as President, but as Abraham Lincoln, his sympathies were with us, and further, having been raised in a rural district, he had never participated in a strike. The only one he had ever beheld was a strike among the shoemakers of Haverhill, Mass., some twelve or fifteen years ago, in which the shoemakers succeeded in beating the bosses. As to the present strike, he considered the employers the first strikers, as they refused to accept the terms offered by the men and compelled the latter to cease work . . . and now that both were on strike, the best blood will win! He then recommended the committee to call upon the Secretary of the Navy and to insure prompt attention gave them a note to the Secretary, asking an immediate interview, which upon presentation was granted. . . . The Secretary assured our committee that no extension of time would be granted by anyone in his department, as Congress alone possessed the power to grant it." The committee returned and reported to the members of the union. "The report," wrote the correspondent, "was received amid vociferous cheers, and the meeting adjourned with three times three for the President, the Navy Department, and fair play."

A few months later the Machinists Union heard a rumor that the contracts of the employers had been extended. Once again a delegation was sent to Washington. Malcolm MacLeod, a member of the delegation, sent an account of their visit to the nation's capital to *Fincher's Trade Review.* Lincoln told the committee that he knew nothing of the contracts, and again advised them to see the Secretary of the Navy. In addition, he gave the trade unionists a note reading: "Secretary Welles—please see and hear these gentlemen. (Signed) A. Lincoln."

The President, wrote MacLeod, inquired about their wages before and during the war. On learning the details, Lincoln said: "It must be hard for working men. I do not live in a large way, although I am here. But it costs me 100 percent more than it did two years ago. . . ."

When asked by the delegates where his sympathy lay in their strike, Lincoln replied that as President he could not officially take sides. He added: "I know the trials and woes of working men, and I have always felt for them. I know that in almost every case of strikes, the men have just cause for complaint."

The committee saw the Secretary of the Navy who, according to MacLeod, "was much cooler to us than his 'boss.' " Nevertheless, the trade unionists were assured that their employers had received no extension on their contracts. MacLeod concluded his account on a stirring note:

"It is but faint praise to say that the President deserves the hearty thanks of all the working men throughout the country for the kind and courteous manner in which he treated their humble representatives. If any man should again say that combinations of working men are not good, let them point to the Chief Magistrate—kindly and frankly treating a working man's committee. I will never dress to see old Abe, working clothes will do."

PHILIP S. FONER.

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WHY DIES SOUGHT TWO YEARS

Rep. Vito Marcantonio's low-down on the Texan's tactics. His speech in the House that everyone should read. Whatever the appropriation, the fight must go on.

MR. SPEAKER, once again the House is called upon to extend the life of the Dies committee. Heretofore on five separate occasions the request has been to extend its term for only one year. Now we are asked to grant it a two-year lease on the power and prestige of the House. Just why two years on this occasion has not been explained. Is it because the decisive events of 1943 will reveal more vividly to the American people the exact and true role of the committee? Is it because the execution of the policy of our nation and of the United Nations to force the unconditional surrender of the Axis powers will make it clear that the role of the Dies committee is not only incompatible with such a policy, but in fact, a potential obstacle to complete attainment of that goal? Is it because it is necessary to have it on hand to use as a spearhead in the drive by domestic fascists to defeat a people's peace after a victorious people's war? Is it to insure its existence as a weapon to be used against progressives and liberals in the election of 1944, as it was utilized in the elections of 1938 and 1940? Is it because the chairman of this committee and its defenders fear to meet the test of 1943 and therefore refuse to submit themselves to a verdict of approval or disapproval at the beginning of 1944?

Further, why the blitzkrieg method employed in reporting out this resolution? In the past, members have had an opportunity, and so have representatives of organizations including labor, church, and civic groups, to appear before the Rules Committee and voice their objections. Why has this practice, which has been traditional in the House, been flagrantly disregarded?

The setting aside of the democratic and traditional procedure of the House cannot be justified by the statement made by the author of the resolution that everybody is for the committee. That smacks too much of the glibness of the language employed by the Nazis to justify the destruction of democratic institutions. Further, the appearance of unanimity which the proponents of this committee seek to give us is not warranted by the facts. The other day 1,250 prominent American citizens signed a petition urging that this committee not be continued.

PHILIP MURRAY, president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, the executive council and the legislative conference of the CIO, speaking for 5,000,000 organized workers, have asked for the discontinuance of this committee.

Hundreds of American Federation of Labor locals have gone on record against the continuance of the Dies committee. Only last week the committee received the condemnation of conservative newspapers such as the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times* and the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*.

Therefore I fail to see how "everybody," as its proponents say, has endorsed this committee. Unless, of course, by "everybody" they mean George Sylvester Viereck, now in a federal penitentiary, convicted as a Nazi agent, who said:

"I have the highest respect for the Dies committee and sympathize with its program."

Or perhaps by "everybody" they mean Fritz Kuhn, leader of the bund, and now serving a term in Sing Sing Penitentiary, in New York State, for grand larceny, who said: "I am in favor of it—the Dies committee—to be appointed again, and wish them to get more money."

WHAT is the record of the chairman and of this committee in regard to our enemies from within and from without? A record of failure as to the conditions of Japanese espionage and sabotage in regard to Pearl Harbor; complete failure as to the Nazis, failure and callous indifference to the diabolical conspiracy against the country on the part of the thirty-four indicted domestic fascists, their organizations and publications.

Again I say that this committee was created to ferret out and investigate subversive and un-American activities. In time of war, it had the highest obligation to carry out the mandate of the Congress to deal with the enemy from within and the enemy's agents from without. Yes; enemies of our democracy, enemies of our institutions, enemies of the nation itself making war upon us from within and from without. Mr. Dies and his committee failed dismally to live up to that obligation.

There is a reason why Japanese agents and Nazi agents and domestic fascists escaped the attention of Mr. Dies. It is an old, old story. It is the history of the tragedies of democracies that have fallen. The diversion of the attack from the real enemy by the creation of the Red scare. The war on the Communists, on labor, liberals, progressives, New Dealers, and on the Soviet Union, the war against the war administration, now called by Mr. Dies bureaucracy, was what kept Mr. Dies and his committee "too busy."

War against the Communists who, as an integral part of 130,000,000 Americans, are fighting and working like all other Americans for victory against the enemy; war against the Soviet Union! but this, too, is the war which Adolph Hitler has told the world that he is waging. Only the other day Hitler reiterated to the world in a statement read by Goebbels that he was fighting "to protect the European family of nations from the dangers of the East," and he continued to proclaim his "crusade against Bolshevism." He used this anti-Bolshevik game to ride into power. Mussolini, too, raised the anti-Communist cry in his march on Rome in 1922. The Rome-Tokyo-Berlin Axis, which our enemies formed to conquer the world, was announced as a "crusade against Communism." It called itself the anti-Comintern. The Lavals and the Petains used it in France. The anti-Communist slogan was and is Hitler's technique of conquest, conceived from the very inception of his plan for world conquest. The democracies that fell for it are no more—divided by this slogan, and then conquered by Hitler.

THUS, while Americans are gloriously fighting at Guadalcanal and North Africa and the Red Army is smashing the enemy at Stalingrad and Rostov, Hitler and Mr. Dies are still crusading against Communism.

It was a sin of omission to have disregarded the danger of the anti-Communist line in time of peace. Then it was part of Hitler's preparation for a war of conquest. To adopt that same line within our own country now, while Hitler and his anti-Comintern Axis partners use it as a weapon of war against us, would be suicidal.

To continue this committee, therefore, is to follow a policy which the realities of a world in which people and nations are fighting for survival have taught us to be disastrous.

Mr. Dies and his committee have followed and are following the anti-Comintern line, the anti-Communist line. Behind a smoke screen of anti-Communism, fascism has marched on and destroyed democracy in its own countries, and democratic nations. To continue the committee in the face of realities of recent history would be a negation of everything for which Americans are fighting and dying, and would contribute toward dissipation of that unity which is being forged among the American people and the United Nations for the destruction of fascism.

[*The above consists of excerpts from Mr. Marcantonio's speech in the "Congressional Record" Feb. 8.*]

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HANSON BALDWIN: SELF-PORTRAIT

The myth of the "expert." The strange case of the New York "Times" military writer. "Colossal ignorance and deep-rooted prejudice." A look at his record.

NEW MASSES *presents a self-portrait of Hanson W. Baldwin, military expert of the New York "Times." It is in his own words, consisting of quotations from his articles, beginning a few days after the Nazi invasion of Russia. All we have done is to italicize a few words and make an occasional comment. For some strange reason the myth persists that Baldwin is both an expert and an objective commentator on military affairs. We believe the quotations from his own writings prove that where our Soviet ally is concerned, Baldwin exhibits colossal ignorance and such deep-rooted prejudice that his judgment on the most elementary questions is worthless. Not only at the beginning of the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, but up to very recently he has repeatedly exaggerated Nazi achievements and minimized those of the Red Army. Here's the record.*

"AS GERMAN spearheads drove deeper into Russia yesterday and Nazi troops tightened a ring of fire and steel around encircled Soviet forces, the Red Armies apparently faced a major debacle.

"Troops estimated at 300,000 to 500,000 men, perhaps one-seventh to one-quarter of the total number Russia had concentrated on her western borders, are slowly being annihilated, according to uncontradicted German claims. . . .

"Altogether, the greatest battles in military history appear to be developing rapidly into a Tannenberg far more decisive and disastrous than the first. . . .

"If Germany soon defeats Russia, something that seems now well on the way toward accomplishment, India, Afghanistan, and the Far East, as well as the Middle East, will assume a new importance in the world-wide theater of total war."—July 2, 1941.

"Hitler has wrecked the Reds' offensive potential, at least in so far as a serious coordinated offensive is concerned; of that there is not much doubt."—Oct. 19, 1941.

"One thing, however, is clear. The Germans, at least temporarily, have lost Rostov and with it the initiative in the south to the Russians. It is the Red Army, not the Wehrmacht, that is now on the offensive."—Dec. 5, 1941.

"Yesterday, almost twelve weeks later and six months after the commencement of the greatest campaign in history, the worn and weary Nazi troops were in full retreat on the Napoleonic road to Moscow, and Germany had met her greatest defeat of the war. It is a defeat that well may mark the beginning of the end of Hitlerism. . . ."—Dec. 24, 1941.

"In retrospect the sudden and dramatic transition in the Russian campaign from German attack to German defense, from advance to retreat, finds few parallels—and none on so grand a scale—in military history."—Jan. 7, 1942.

"The Germans failed to take Moscow and to achieve a decision against the Russian armies in the time they expected, and thereby they met their first great defeat of the war. But their retreat, as seen from this capital of a world effort, has not been imposed on them by the Russian counter-offensive."—Jan. 15, 1942.

"In any case, the opening skirmishes in the air above Russia seem to have gone to the Russians, though there can be no certainty of this, since information from Russia is second-hand, censored and 'doctored.'

"These air battles, however, should not be taken as a measure of the relative strength of the opposing armies. For the Germans have not yet disclosed their hand. And there can be little doubt that this year, as last, they have advantages that the Russians cannot match. . . ."—April 24, 1942.

"There can be little doubt that Adolph Hitler and the Nazis—and observers elsewhere in the world—underestimated last year the number of Russian tanks and planes and the military skill of certain of the Russian leaders. And this mistake cost the Nazis dearly.

"Today, as the Germans reach the outskirts of the town of Kerch and stand poised across the narrow strait from the gateway to the fabled riches of the Caucasus, they are not likely to repeat the mistake."—May 17, 1942.

Zuny Maud

"In evaluating the claims and counterclaims about the Russian fighting, the communiques of *both* sides are the surest—though by no means certain—guides to the way the fighting is going. London is also generally a good guide, though sometimes press reactions there seem over-optimistic as viewed from Washington."—May 18, 1942.

"German communiques dealing with Russian battles have often grossly exaggerated the Nazi achievements."—May 27, 1942.

"Contrary to general impression, it is probable that the German army of today is at least equally as strong, probably stronger, in relation to the Red Army than was the German army of a year ago."—July 12, 1942.

"But the phase is ending, and developments of the campaign to date and what little is known about the strengths of the opposing forces in Russia justifies no belief that Stalingrad can be held or the Germans stopped short of the Caspian. Indeed, with the situation as it is today, it is essential that the United Nations base future plans upon the assumption that the Nazis will achieve these two objectives. . . .

"But these things are in the future; it is idle to attempt prediction in war, for any estimate of the situation must be as temporal as events. . . .

"What is certain is that both contestants are being weakened by the terrific fighting in Russia, but that Russia—with millions of her men dead or prisoners, with some of her most important centers of population overrun or under siege, with much of her industry, her communications, and her sources of raw materials in German hands—is probably weakening faster than Germany."—Aug. 30, 1942.

". . . But they [Stalingrad and Astrakhan] have not yet been taken by the invader—and even if they are conquered, *as now seems probable,* their fall would not spell immediate and irreparable disaster. . . .

"The Red Army has never shown in all the months of the bitter Russian fighting an ability to mount a sustained major offensive; its offensive powers, never large, have been more and more sapped by defeat . . . we must reconcile ourselves to the probability that the Germans will continue to hold the initiative in Russia until such time as they choose to stabilize their lines,

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set for the winter, and turn their attention to the West."—Sept. 4, 1942.

". . . the German successes in Russia have been so great that this winter they undoubtedly will be able to hold large parts of the Russian front with relatively small forces, continue their offensive in the south, and maintain large forces in western Europe and elsewhere."—Nov. 1, 1942.

". . . the Russian counter-offensive should not be overestimated. It may have been made possible by German withdrawals; in any case, the Russian communique yesterday seemed to indicate that the Germans were opposing the Red Army advance with relatively small forces."—Nov. 24, 1942.

"With the fall, deliberate Nazi preparations for a winter war commenced, and this year, like last year, a great many German divisions were withdrawn from the Russian front for reorganization, replacements, and rest. Today there are probably in action in Russia no more than a fraction of the estimated twenty-eight to thirty-six German armored divisions.

"Except in certain local sectors, therefore, the Germans have been forced to yield, or have been deliberately relinquishing, the strategic initiative in Russia. . . .

"But all this does not necessarily mean that the Russians will win great victories this winter. . . ."—Nov. 30, 1942.

"The relief of Leningrad—even if all the Russian claims about the North-Central front be accepted—would seem to be a long way off. . . . [The siege of Leningrad was broken Jan. 18, 1943.]

"Nor is it possible to accept either Russian or German communiques complete at face value."—Dec. 4, 1942.

"The strategic initiative that passed to the Russian hands about November 19 has been developed by the Red armies this winter with greater power and apparently with earlier preliminary results than a year ago, and portions of the German armies of the south seem to be in a position of considerable potential danger. . . .

"The Russian army is still very strong in combat efficiency and in spirit and has not been unduly weakened by the defeats of the summer."—Jan. 10, 1943. [Compare with statement of Aug. 30, 1942.]

". . . the Russian advances, in a strategic sense, are still of more potential than actual significance. . . . Despite the Russian claim to have captured Velikiye Luki, one of the German 'hedgehogs' . . . the Germans do not appear to be seriously embarrassed on this front, though they are clearly on the defensive."—Jan. 15, 1943.

"Last fall, in October and November, the Axis powers gradually *went over* to the defensive in Russia—as they had done a year ago—and *relinquished* the strategic initiative. . . . [Compare with statement of Dec. 24, 1941, and Jan. 7, 1942.]

"The German garrison at Stalingrad *apparently* has been cut off and its position seems to be critical, though not hopeless. . . . [The German High Command admitted two days before, on January 22, that its Stalingrad forces had been cut off. On January 31, Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, commander of the troops whose situation was "not hopeless," and sixteen of his generals surrendered. On February 2 the last vestiges of what had once been a conquering army of 330,000 were wiped out at Stalingrad.]

"The Russians have *without much doubt* captured the 'hedgehog' of Velikiye Luki, though the German garrison seems to have escaped in part and the Russian position at Velikiye Luki is in a salient that probably cannot be held unless the salient is broadened."—Jan. 24, 1943. [The Nazis admitted the capture of Velikiye Luki on January 17. It is their claim that the garrison fought its way out that Baldwin here repeats as a fact. The Russians reported the garrison annihilated.]

Two days after the above typical rubbish, Baldwin published on January 26 an article in which he began to get down from the ludicrous limb onto which he had climbed. In the face of the new powerful advances of the Soviet armies it was no longer possible for him to keep repeating that nothing much was going on. It is, however, still too early to say that Baldwin has at last learned what the score is. He has had brief rendezvous with reality before without forming any permanent attachment.

UNDERGROUND

Exclusive

All prisoners of concentration camp 137, near the city of Hanover in western Germany, were clad in white uniforms to make them visible at night and so hinder them from escaping. This was only one way of making life miserable for the prisoners —Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Netherlanders, and Serbs.

"We are already corpses," the interned would say. "They have put us into shrouds while we are still alive." And they called the concentration center "the camp of the shrouds."

Near the camp was a large oil refinery where high octane gas for aircraft was made. The prisoners were forced to unload trucks and transport coal. Thus they were compelled to labor for the Nazi armies against their own country. Several of them refused and were promptly shot. Large posters in and outside the factory warned the native German workers—mostly women and youngsters—not to converse with the prisoners. The guilty would be tried for high treason before a special Gestapo court.

Although many of the prisoners were tortured into insanity, there was one group which maintained a high spirit of defiance and planned for the day when they could escape to take up arms again against the Nazis. One of this group was a French military pilot, R. B. He had been sent here because he tried to break out of another camp for war prisoners. In the scant moments after his slave labor, B. succeeded in learning enough German to make himself understood.

He tried several times to communicate with one of the German workers even though he knew he was risking his own life in doing so. But in vain. He was encouraged, however, by the fact that none of the German workers with whom he tried to speak denounced him. Finally, when he was about to abandon hope, he got a message. It was written on a bit of paper concealed in a clump of clay and tossed to him by a boy.

The message made a proposal to B. He would be given civilian clothes, food, and money if he would take the risk of putting a certain package into the coal the prisoners were unloading and bringing into the refinery. B.'s escape would be made possible by an "accident" in the plant soon after the package was deposited in the coal.

B. accepted. A small package was smuggled in to him in a loaf of bread. He placed the package, no bigger than a man's fist, in the coal. Twenty-four hours later a terrific explosion set fire to the plant's dynamo and store houses. In the panic that followed, B. with two other prisoners escaped. They were met by a German woman who provided them with clothes and food. Their white shrouds, half burned and bloody, were found the next day.

B. and his friends reached France. Their story was told in the underground newspaper *La Tricolore,* issued by French anti-fascists in the Lille region. The story was headlined: "Collaboration between Frenchmen and Germans . . . in the right way."

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A NICE NAZI

It was when I thought of Hans Hernecke, with his cheeks circled by spots of feverish red, that I said, "Yes, I believe those stories." He was a nice, little Nazi and his eyebrows were so white and bristly that they seemed as if tinted with a permanent frost.

"But how can the stories be true?" my friend asked. "Do you believe the one from Poland? About the Nazi soldiers using a baby as a football?"

I thought of Hans again, so tiny and miserable in his oversized uniform, his watery blue eyes, edged with red, shifting from face to face as if his life depended on determining swiftly who was his friend and who his enemy. He had driven me through conquered France in the wake of the Nazi army and I suddenly remembered his tone when he spoke of his own baby. "He's sick," he said. "We can't get proper food for him." And as I remembered I said again, "Yes, I believe that story."

Hans was a chauffeur in the German army, assigned to drive correspondents about. He was a testy little fellow who wanted to be quite a guy. The correspondents in the car with him would laugh and joke among themselves and sometimes just to be nice they would try to include Hans in the joking. He'd try to take it but he couldn't. He'd get mad and sometimes he'd threaten. "I'll report you," he'd say, "if you talk that way," and he would be very aloof and high and mighty for some hours.

We were a little afraid of him although that was difficult because he was so unimpressive. We were being driven about in a limousine and I sat beside Hans in the front. When it was cold the other newspapermen in the back would ask me to close the glass partition between the front of the car and the back and when this was done Hans and I were a little too private. We didn't speak much, although our enforced company had something of the involuntary intimacy of men on a raft. I used to eye him out of the corner of my eye and I noticed how his hands tightened and relaxed on the steering wheel with the steady rhythm of a beating pulse.

I remember one day particularly. We were bound to Le Havre, by way of Rouen, and we started early. Now and again we passed huge barbed wire enclosures and behind the wire were French soldiers, prisoners in their own country, staring out at their conquerors through bloodshot eyes. Sometimes when passing through a town, we would come upon a German military parade, the Nazis singing in a deep-throated chorus, slapping stiff legs against the pavement in the goosestep. It sounded like the snap of a gigantic wet towel against a bare back. Often we would pass refugees and I could not look at them.

Hans noticed my reluctance and said sententiously, "Well, it was either them or us." He seemed to want to talk and I decided to help him.

"How long have you been a Nazi, Hans?" I asked.

"I am an old fighter," he said with a certain pride, using the German term to denote a veteran Nazi. "I was a member of the Hitler Jugend when I was twelve. In 1930, three years before der fuehrer came into power." A note, almost of nostalgia, came into his voice. "It was different then. Everyone was not a Nazi then. It took courage. We were motivated by high ideals." His watery blue eyes glinted with an unaccustomed fervor and he said, "Not like now when every party hack is in a position of power."

He shot a quick apprehensive look at me and seemed reassured. "Then, it was a great crusade," he said. "I never went to school. I quit completely and spent all my time at rallies and demonstrations. Those were great days. Different from now—"

"What did your parents think?"

"Oh, it wasn't my parents." Then he said slowly in a low voice, "It was my eldest brother. He didn't like Hitler. He wanted me to go to school." His hands had been tightening and relaxing on the wheel but now he clenched them tight until the knuckles shone whitely. He did not speak for some time and then he flashed a quick look and turned back to the road.

"Hitler," he said casually, "is not a bloody madman, is he?"

"Why no," I said carefully, "Hitler is not a bloody madman."

"Der fuehrer isn't a preposterous idiot, is he?" he said and his voice was excited.

"No," I said slowly, wondering if he was trying to trap me by this peculiar litany, "der fuehrer isn't a preposterous idiot. Of course not."

"Of course not." His voice was edged with sarcasm. It ascended into near hysteria and he said, "He hasn't plunged the whole world into war, has he? Of course not! No one would speak evil of our noble fuehrer, would they? Of course not!"

He was suddenly silent and we looked at each other. "Of course not," I said and his eyes shifted away. A few moments later we pulled into Rouen. It was sickening to see. Save for the beautiful cathedral in the center of town, it had been bombed flat. What had been houses was a mass of rubble and on the smoking heaps were Frenchmen, wearing berets and smocks and poking listlessly in the ruins. We stopped at the cathedral. A group of Nazi officers, very elegant and fine, were surveying the cathedral through monocles and speaking learnedly of naves and arches and transepts. A ragged crowd stood about them. One of the Nazis turned, raised his monocle, and coolly examined it. "Do you see the evidences of racial degeneration?" he conversationally asked a friend. "A certain Negroid quality?"

We were back in the automobile. I could not look at Hans.

"It was either them or us," he said miserably.

"No, it wasn't," I snapped. "It was your fault. You started all this."

"Would you feel so badly," he asked with a jeer, "if it was Germany instead of France that was conquered?"

I did not answer and we were tense and miserable. That night we put up at a little hotel at Le Havre. I was frightened. I shouldn't have talked that way to a Nazi. He might report me. I went up to Hans' room and knocked. It was just dusk and he was lying on his bed. He did not move when I came in or remove his hand which was held over his eyes. I sat down in a chair beside the bed and tried to think of something to say. "Tell me, Hans," I said pleasantly, "tell me about your brother."

He jumped as if I had struck him. He leaped out of the bed and threw open the door. I left but I could not understand. It was later that I learned that he had informed on his brother—that his brother had been beaten to death in a concentration camp.

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MARGARET WALKER, NEGRO POET

The winner of the Yale Series of Younger Poets award speaks for her people and for America, says Joy Davidman in a review of Miss Walker's work. "Courageous, clear, joyous."

FOR MY PEOPLE, *by Margaret Walker, with a foreword by Stephen Vincent Benet. Yale Series of Younger Poets; Yale University Press. $2.*

MARGARET WALKER'S people are the American people. She is the first Negro poet to win the annual Yale Series of Younger Poets award, and she speaks for the Negro in poetry as Richard Wright has spoken for him in prose. Yet a minute's reading of her book suffices to make us feel the inter-penetration, the identity, of her life and the lives of all Americans. When she directs her poems most explicitly to the disinherited Negroes of our country, she speaks with the universality of Whitman.

And the contribution of the Negro to our culture has rarely shone more impressively than in this book. It is not only Miss Walker's individual contribution, magnificent as it is, that strikes us, but the extent to which the longings of generations of Americans have been given voice by the Negro. For her music is the tune we all know best; her idiom is our familiar spoken language; her ballads of Negroes in the southern slums are part of the folklore of all America.

For example, Miss Walker speaks of the South:

I want my rest unbroken in the fields of southern earth; freedom to watch the corn wave silver in the sun and mark the splashing of a brook, a pond with ducks and frogs, and count the clouds. . . .

I want the cotton fields, tobacco and the cane, I want to walk along with sacks of seed to drop in fallow ground. Restless music is in my heart and I am eager to be gone.

O Southland, sorrow home, melody beating in my bone and blood! How long will the Klan of hate, the hounds and the chain gangs keep me from my own?

The South emerges as a live land with living people in it, beautiful and vital as every land can be, however misused. We understand that there is something to love as well as something to hate in the South. For Northerners, at any rate, that understanding cannot emerge from Faulkner studies of degeneration or from Gone-With-The-Wind mythology. It takes the complete vision of a poet like Miss Walker to make us see the potentialities behind the misery.

In a poem five pages long Miss Walker is able to sum up past, present, and future of the farm workers of the Mississippi Delta. In a group of ballads she records Molly Means the witch, Poppa Chicken the pimp, Bad-man Stagolee and the immortal John Henry; the violence and terror of life under lynch law present themselves, side by side with the unconquerable vitality that lynchers cannot suppress. Miss Walker has something clear and joyous to say:

Now burst the dams of years
and winter snows melt with an onrush of a turbulent spring.
Now rises sap in slumbering elms
and floods overwhelm us
here in this low valley.
Here there is a thundering sound in our ears.
All the day we are disturbed;
nothing ever moved our valley more.
The cannons boom in our brains
and there is a dawning understanding
in the valleys of our spirits;
there is a crystalline hope
there is a new way to be worn and a path to be broken
from the past.

And again:

I want my careless song to strike no minor key; no fiend to stand between my body's
Southern song—the fusion of the South, my body's song and me.

Margaret Walker

This joyousness, this courage, emerge through splendid poetry. As Stephen Vincent Benet points out in the book's foreword, Margaret Walker has a thorough mastery of widely varying techniques—the Biblical free verse of her social poems, the blues rhythms of her ballads, the condensed and powerful sonnets of her personal experiences. More, she has an extraordinary vividness of observation. The "low cotton country, where moonlight hovered over ripe haystacks" is seen and recorded with intensity, but no more so than

heads under shabby felts and parasols
and shoulders hunched against a sharp concern.

Seldom have there been such evocative pictures of people and places:

My grandmothers are full of memories
Smelling of soap and onions and wet clay
With veins rolling roughly over quick hands. . . .

Orange and plantain and cotton grow
here in this wide valley.
Wood fern and sour grass and wild onion grow
here in this sweet valley.

To this felicity of expression Margaret Walker adds the intensity of her social comment. "We Have Been Believers," "Since 1619," "Today," "Dark Blood," "Sorrow Home"—all these poems are signposts pointing the future's road.

. . . Out of a deep slumber truth rides upon us
and makes us restless and wakeful
and full of a hundred unfulfilled dreams of today;
our blood eats through our veins with the terrible destruction
of radium in our bones and rebellion in our brains
and we wish no longer to rest.

BORN in 1915, the daughter of a Methodist minister, Margaret Walker graduated from Northwestern University and has worked as a typist, a newspaper reporter, a magazine editor, and a writer on the Federal Writers Project. At present she is professor of English at Livingstone College in North Carolina. Out of these experiences she has written poems, but she has also written them out of the experiences of the Negro people, and out of all America, like the Iowa farmer

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and the miners of her sonnets. Sections of her book's title poem may speak for all of us:

For the cramped bewildered years we went to school to learn to know the reasons why and the answers to and the people who and the places where and the days when, in memory of the bitter hours when we discovered we were black and poor and small and different and nobody cared and nobody wondered and nobody understood. . . .

. . . For my people standing staring trying to fashion a better way from confusion, from hypocrisy and misunderstanding, trying to fashion a world that will hold all the people, all the faces, all the adams and eves and their countless generations;

Let a new earth rise. Let another world be born. Let a bloody peace be written in the sky. Let a second generation full of courage issue forth; let a people loving freedom come to growth. Let a beauty full of healing and a strength of final clenching be the pulsing in our spirits and our blood. Let the martial songs be written, let the dirges disappear. Let a race of men now rise and take control.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Ten Years of Hitler

THE THUGS OF EUROPE, *by Albert Norden. German-American League for Culture. $.40.*

THERE has been a long debate as to whether the Hitler regime represents German monopoly capital, or whether it is an anti-capitalist state of a new type, imposing itself upon German big business and operating independently of its interests. In this brief, but very well documented, and thoroughly frightening pamphlet, Albert Norden provides the answer. True enough, he says, a man like Goering has become one of the top-ranking monopolists, through the far-flung Hermann Goering Werke and other enterprises; true, also, Hitler certainly commands a definite independence of policy within broad limits. But this only signalizes a process of inter-penetration of the Nazi bureaucracy with the highest ranks of German big business. Over and above the continual struggle for position such as ousts a Nazi like Joseph Wagner from time to time, and elevates another, there is a fundamental community of interest which binds the Nazis together with the men who brought them to power and staked them to this war.

This interest is essentially directed against the people of Germany, their living standards, and culture. After that it is directed toward conquest in all directions. Norden examines, by an intensive statistical treatment based on Nazi sources, what the "thousand-year-Reich" has done to Germany and Europe in these ten years. For example, the peasants and agricultural laborers were promised land, the division of the big estates. No such division ever took place. Today forty percent of the land is in the hands of the junkers, and Walter Darre, recently ousted agricultural fuehrer, once admitted that 412 junkers owned as much land as 1,000,000 peasants.

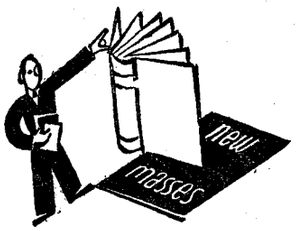
Or take the "Kampfbund des Gewerblichen Mittelstandes," the organization of the middle classes that welcomed Hitler with such frenzy. Paragraph sixteen of the Nazi program promised cheap rentals of stores to small business. The great chains were going to be busted. In reality this aspect of the Nazi program was abandoned six months after the fatal January of 1933. The biggest stores, such as Epa, Karstadt, and others, have prospered, and swallowed up the great middle class enterprises by literal confiscation. In preparation for war, the Nazis have closed down all enterprises making less than 100,000 marks a year, and forced small proprietors, artisans, and their families into the war factories, the army, or labor corps.

Some of Norden's most powerful passages deal with the absolute deterioration of working class living standards. The share of the workers in national income has fallen by five percent from the 1929 total. Profits of the biggest companies have risen. The secret reserve funds have been swollen. The Berlin Stock Exchange booms.

Perhaps the most frightening pages of Norden's work deal with the way in which the chief Nazi trusts have simply appropriated the properties of the conquered nations. It is a primitive accumulation of capital that surpasses the imagination. And the author has in truth found the best expression for it in his title: "The Thugs of Europe." The thuggery of the Goering concern in Rumania and Silesia; the open robbery of the Hermann Roechling group in northern France and Belgium makes our own "robber barons" after the Civil War appear like Vicars of Wakefield. One has to go back to the days when the Tartars overtook the Magyars, and the Turks reached Budapest, to appreciate what the Nazis have been doing throughout Europe and the conquered territory of the Soviet Union.

In broad outlines some of this material was covered in Jurgen Kuczinski's work *The Economics of Barbarism,* as well as his more recent pamphlet on European labor. For a more academic analysis of the internal workings of German economy, one would go to Maxime Sweezy's recent monograph. But it is the feature of Norden's work that it combines an intensive statistical account with a broad historical grasp; above all, it breathes a strong passion against Hitlerism, a faith in the post-Hitler future of the German people which only one who lived intimately with this ten-year horror could have written.

It is not easy to combine figures of profits, percentages of increase in capitalization, with personality descriptions of the leading thugs, and a historical panorama of their operations over three continents. Not easy, that is, in less than 100 pages, and yet create a thoroughly readable and popularly useful work.



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The second edition will no doubt eliminate several annoying typographical errors. Perhaps the last passages on the perspectives for Germany can now be revised in the face of the growing defeats on the front and panic at home. I say the second edition—but in reality it's a booklet that deserves several more editions. For it is particularly necessary, as we approach the supreme crisis and defeat of Hitlerism, that many more Americans understand its fundamental nature.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

In a Japanese Prison

EXCHANGE SHIP, *by Max Hill. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

ON THE morning of Dec. 8, 1941, Max Hill was head of the AP Tokyo bureau. By that afternoon he was prisoner No. 867 in Sugamo "receiving place," charged with espionage and sending out stories unfavorable to Japanese aims. One way the Japanese had of making their prisoners comfortable was to tell them they'd never leave Japan (no careless vacation spot even for those at liberty), but the exchange was arranged, and Mr. Hill's imprisonment came to an end in the middle of June 1942, when he and other interned Americans went aboard the *Asama Maru* for the voyage home.

Exchange Ship is very much a correspondent's book and has most of the faults and virtues of that genre. Its chief virtue is the feeling of factual truth and immediacy that comes from the writing, the thing Walt Whitman meant when he cried, "I am the man. I saw it. I was there." What Mr. Hill personally saw was not so much the active brutality that others have recounted, but the more passive kind of utter indifference and neglect of all human considerations. He was not tortured in prison; he was, however, dirty, underfed, bored, uncomfortable, unnecessarily confined in movement and conversation, and subject to a number of petty meannesses—not much to tell of, but degrading to the spirit, depleting to the body, deadening to the mind.

In addition, Mr. Hill tells, factually, baldly, the eye-witness stories obtained from other passengers on board the exchange ship, stories of prisoners bayoneted in the back, raped, offhandedly starved in concentration camps, or machine-gunned in their own homes. At that, the British and American prisoners were treated fairly well, compared to some of the native population. Aside from all other forms of brutality, the Hong Kong Chinese were deliberately starved, and the unburied dead still lay in the Singapore ruins in July.

The faults of correspondents' books have been named too often to require much further comment, and many of them are here: irrelevant tales of censor trouble and poker games (there were two standing ones on the *Asama*, augmented by a crap game when they transferred to the *Gripsholm* at Lourenco Marques), hasty writing from too hastily drawn conclusions, and a certain jumpiness (as an

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ample of the last two I cite particularly Mr. ill's chapter on Japanese politics). Mr. Hill also somewhat inclined to think that "little llow fiends" are to blame for the war.

But if you still need a reminder that the xis is the Axis anywhere and that this war serious business in any part of the globe, *xchange Ship* is more urgently moving than ost "studies" of the Far East.

SALLY ALFORD.

trange History

P TIDE OF AGGRESSION, *by Lillian T. Mowrer. Mor-w. $2.50.*

THE author of *Journalist's Wife* has written what she intends as a primer tracing ie pattern of fascist aggression. She sincerely opes her book will help arouse what Mr. oosevelt called "the massed angered forces f common humanity." Her account, however, badly off balance and is thus cheated of its est punching power.

Mrs. Mowrer begins by telling us that fasm sprang out of the postwar confusion of ie little man, unreasoning, rebellious, instincvely seeking the past. For her, fascism is a chnique thousands of years old—used by enin for revolution and by Hitler for counr-revolution! As a result of this astonishing onfusion, there is no true understanding of ie development of fascist forces, or why they ere appeased and encouraged in their aggressions.

The author's misconception explains her ailure to understand that France was bevayed by its own fascists. The French soliers, she says, were simply outfought and outhought by the Nazis. And finally her error eads her to exclude practically all mention of ie Soviet Union's fight to achieve a united ront against the aggressors. Except for the etail of Soviet material assistance to loyalist pain, there is nowhere in the book an indicaon of the Soviet's plea for genuine disarmaent, of its unfaltering attempt to rally the onscience of the democratic peoples for colective security, of its almost isolated fight in he League of Nations for China, for Ethipia, for Spain. There is no word of Russia's romise to defend with arms the life of Czechoslovakia, reiterated even in the moment efore Hitler marched. And in the earlier eriod of the war Mrs. Mowrer finds it posible to omit all mention of Russia's continued esistance to Nazi design: Russia's advance hat halted the Nazi blitz in Poland, its liquiation of the threat of Finland as a Nazi *lace d'armes,* its protection of the Baltic states, s encouragement of Balkan resistance to fasist demands—and finally, its position on the ast flank of Hitler, a position which the ührer himself declared was making it impossible to invade England. Mrs. Mowrer's xplanation for the attack on Russia is a owler: the Nazis struck at one-sixth of the orld in order to create a pincer around Suez!

HARRY TAYLOR.

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COUNTERATTACK

Dorothy Brewster reviews the new Broadway drama of Russian resistance. Plenty of action, shooting suspense—but some good talk too. A "melodrama" with subtleties and historical truth.

"COUNTERATTACK" comes to fill the gap left by the closing of the Theater Guild production *The Russian People*. Thus we have the second major attempt to adapt to Broadway audiences a Soviet play dealing with the present conflict. Comparisons are in order, especially on those points that may promise greater success for the new play by Janet and Philip Stevenson (based on a Russian drama by Ilya Vershinin and Mikhail Ruderman). Seats are said in the newspapers to be on sale eight weeks in advance—an encouraging sign. "Melodrama" is the word the advertisements are playing up, suggesting action and not talk, and of course it is talk that American audiences always fear to face in a Russian production.

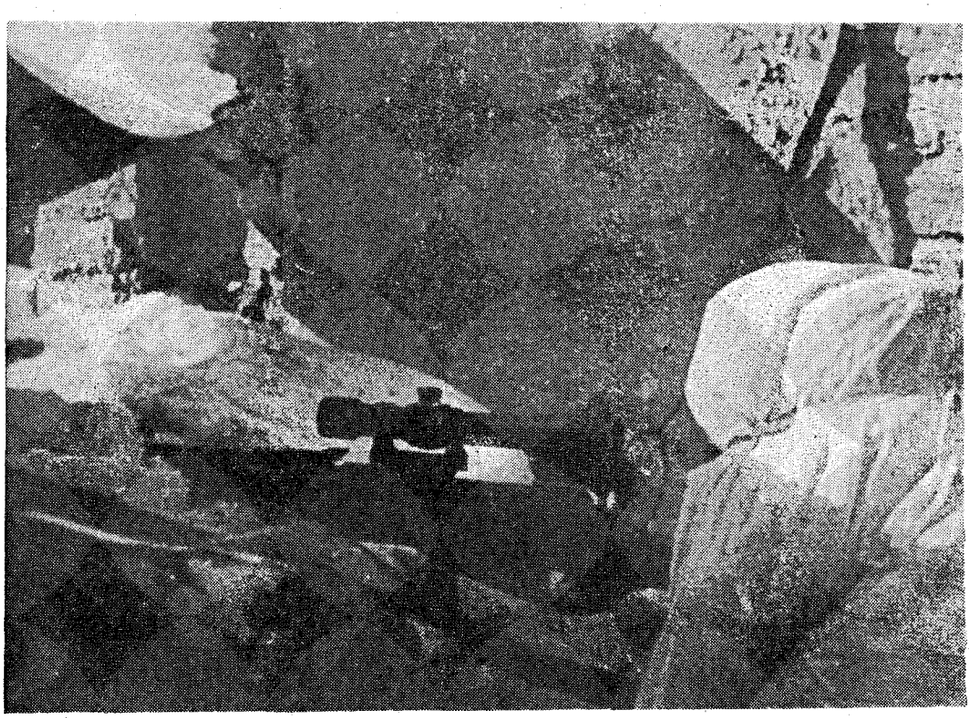
The Russian People had a good many scene shifts and plot complications. But *Counterattack,* as a gentleman behind me said, is just as simple as cops and robbers, with plenty of shooting. It has the concentration secured by adherence to the three unities of time, place, and action. It all happens within about thirty-six hours: a late afternoon and two following dawns, in the cellar of a house on the Eastern Front in the autumn of 1942. It might be Stalingrad. Most of the time, exit from the cellar is completely blocked by the wreckage of the building sitting on top of it, and complete collapse is threatened whenever tanks rumble overhead or bombing planes drop their load. These threats make it what *PM* called the dirtiest play on Broadway—literally—because the dust is always drifting down on the actors. Trapped in the cellar are a dozen Nazis, including a nurse who by some accident was caught in the front line, and two Red Army men who had captured the Nazis, just before the retreat into the cellar to escape the bombs.

THE action develops out of the struggles implicit in this situation. First, the struggle for survival of the whole group till rescue, either by Nazis or Russians. How can they survive lack of food and water (there is a little at first), and air, and can they perhaps dig their way out? Then there is the struggle between the Nazis and the Russians. The Red Army men—one a young collective farm lad and the other an older man, a miner—have the guns and revolvers and hand grenades, and the lights—a candle, a lantern, and a flashlight. And the Nazis are always alert to the possibility of putting out lights or seizing a gun. That is the physical aspect of the struggle. A struggle of wits grows out of the fact that all the Nazis but one (a sergeant) wear the uniforms of privates; but there is good reason to suspect that one of them is an officer, and it is of the utmost importance for the Russians to find out which one and turn him over, intact, to the commanding Soviet officer, if and when they are rescued. This gives an excellent reason for being careful of the lives of all the Nazis, even when it is almost humanly impossible to keep from shooting some of them in sheer disgust.

A THIRD element of conflict is within the Nazi group itself. One lad—a recent transfer not known to the others—shows that he could rather easily be won over; he is not only afraid, but he is unduly appreciative of the decent treatment, like sharing the water supply, which the Russian code toward prisoners of war exacts. So he is marked for elimination by the disguised officer, and on the first dawn, is found strangled. The nurse and the oldest of the Nazis, an ex-miner and old trade unionist, become in their different ways increasingly disposed to cooperate with their captors. The nurse, poor girl, is alway having to resist the violent advances of th biggest roughneck among the Nazis; and sh isn't very happy about the strangling. Whe the younger Russian is knocked on the hea during one of the moments of brief Na triumph when the lights are put out, th nurse consents to bandage him up, and th nearest approach to love interest gets unde way—but only a very little way, rather ma ternal.

A final element of conflict in the Na group is revealed when it appears tha one of them is a Gestapo man, set to watc the disguised officer. Open antagonism break out after the officer has been forced to de clare himself. So when you really examine th elements of struggle, it isn't after all just cops-and-robbers pattern.

The two Russians are simple types, chiefl individualized by difference in experience: th older much clearer in his thinking and muc more adroit in his handling of the situation There is more subtle shading in the charac terization of the Nazis. And I can say thi with confidence because a German friend an exile, saw the play with me, and was im pressed by this shading and the truth to th



A Red Army sniper sights the enemy. From "The Siege of Leningrad," reviewed on the opposite page.

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different types which she had herself known. By the third act the two Russians are in states permitting half-delirious monologues—the youngster from the fever of his head injury and the older man from the strain of sleeplessness. Here the Nazis have the advantage, for they get some sleep, and their leader is ready, watching like a cat, for the moment when Kulkov will actually topple over from exhaustion. There is a tense moment when the Gestapo chap nags him with insistent suggestions of sleep—a technique of hypnotism that almost succeeds. The tension of the play, developing from one or another of these struggles, is sustained clear up to the moment of rescue.

Not being a dramatic critic—only an Old Spectator—all I can say of the production by Margaret Webster is that it seemed to me admirable. So did the acting. Of the distinguished actors who are in the cast, Morris Carnovsky (Kulkov) has the most trying role, including as it does the long monologue, and he is compelling throughout. The Nazi captain, played by Rudolph Anders, is very effective in the way we have grown to expect in the best anti-Nazi films. Barbara O'Neil has a less rewarding role than those of the two older women in *The Russian People;* it is also less active than that of the girl in that play, who was always having to swim the icy river. The nurse had only to cross from one side of the cellar to the other. It is a good play, and it has good lines, too, that give a chance for the momentary relaxation of laughter.

There is one thing that may bother some people more than others. No attempt is made to explain how these Nazis and Russians get over the language difficulty. Perhaps the adapters of the play, Janet and Philip Stevenson, have been wise in just quietly ignoring the problem; considering their ability to understand one another as one of the conventions you are asked to accept at the start, like the room with one wall open to the spectator, which we accept as the traditional stage. I can see that to accept it involves no more of a wrench to the imagination than the improbable dream scenes in *The Eve of St. Mark.*

I should like to make a couple of general comments. Reviewers have found naivete in what the Russians say about their lives—explaining things to the Nazis. These speeches, they say, sound a little funny, and the audience is inclined to laugh instead of listening respectfully. It is the propaganda line; it is Comrade Stalin putting in his oar again. In this matter of Russian naivete, it is my considered and long-standing conviction that the naive people are on the other side of the footlights. This has been my conviction ever since, years ago, after a production of Gorky's *Lower Depths,* I heard a well-upholstered dowager murmur to her escort on her way out—"This play only goes to show how right we are in keeping the proletariat in its place." The Russians have to say over and over again the things that are true about themselves and their social order—not because they are naively repeating what they are told to say—but because their hearers need telling. When similar simple things are said about American ways of life and thought, as for example in *The Eve of St. Mark,* the label is not naive propaganda, but beautiful simplicity.

Finally, there is something quite subtle in this play, considered in relation to the world situation and the impending problems of reconstruction. I mean the careful differentiation in the Nazi types, and the implied distinctions to be made among the German people. This is sharply at odds with the ideas of the exterminators and sterilizers.

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

Siege of Leningrad

A Soviet film study of life during those epic eighteen months.

In the autumn of 1941 the Germans reached the gates of Leningrad and were stopped there. We read in our newspaper that they were stopped; for weeks and months nothing happened; it became apparent that they were not going to take the city. Leningrad became less prominent in the news, and we turned our attention to more active fronts—the repulse of the Germans at Moscow, Rostov, and the Caucasus. Stalingrad was pounded into a heap of broken brick, and for a while we talked of it almost as if it were the only Russian city. But all this while the Nazis surrounded Leningrad. And it was only a few weeks ago that Schluesselburg was recaptured and the siege, the 530-day agonizing siege we had grown quite used to, was lifted at last.

Now *The Siege of Leningrad* is playing at the Stanley Theater, and we can see what it is like to live in a city that is being besieged. Nothing much to report in the newspapers; the relative positions of attackers and defenders remain unchanged. But the bitter cold comes, and the power fails, and the fuel gives out. Food runs low; the bread ration is measured by the ounce. Planes smash the buildings, specializing in hospitals. Big guns outside the city shell the houses; and the big guns cannot be fought off with anti-aircraft. In the factories where your own guns and tanks and planes are being made with desperate speed, the shattered roof gapes open to the bitter snowy sky. The steel glows white-hot; but the men who work it must be muffled to the ears against the cold.

The Siege of Leningrad cannot be considered a screen play, cannot even be classed as a documentary film. Even the documentary films involve writing and staging and rehearsing. *The Siege of Leningrad* interposes nothing between you and reality. It is a window which opens on a city ten thousand miles away.

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child's sled. That's how they get about in Leningrad, when the temperature is fifty below zero and the electricity has failed. The trolleys stand useless in the streets, their wheels frozen to the rails. There is no gasoline to spare for the automobiles. So the people of Leningrad walk.

Everything must be transported on the little sleds that Vanya and Masha played with in other winters. Food, tools, the household goods of those who have been bombed out; even the coffin of a dead child. When the water mains are broken, there is not even water in the cold houses. You chop through the ice of the streets, down to the mains; draw up your water in a pail and take it home on the sled.

Meanwhile the work goes on and the fighting goes on. In furred coats and earmuffs, the women of Leningrad's factories stick to their looms. In heavy gloves and padded overcoats, men and women put the planes together; and minutes later the planes are on their way to the front. The snipers crawl forward in the snow and pick off the Nazis; the iron defense never weakens.

The Nazis are having a cold time of it too; but their communications are open. Everything that comes to Leningrad, for a while, must come by air. Only one route is open—southward across Lake Ladoga, frozen so deep it can bear the weight of heavy trucks. And snow already lies several feet thick above the ice. But they sweep it clear; they make a road and guard it with anti-aircraft guns. Day and night the long lines of trucks travel to Leningrad, with food and fuel. The drums of fuel mount up; the carloads of beeves, their carcasses stiff as wood in the intolerable cold, relieve the starving city. Day and night the Nazi planes circle above and bomb the road, while Stalin's falcons, the fighter planes of Leningrad, rise to shoot them down.

UNBELIEVABLY, they build a railroad under that bombardment; a railroad stretching for miles across the lake, ties and rails on a cake of ice between the deadly water and the deadly sky. Unbelievably, the locomotives haul supplies to Leningrad all winter long. And the spring comes, what Leningrad calls spring, the sun shining on thick ice and the children coming out to enjoy it, bundled up to the ears in fur coats and leggings and shawls. Spring; and the lake still frozen, and the ice clogging the streets of the city. They have to use pneumatic drills on that ice to clear the streets. Men and women come out and work on it with picks, as the autumn before they worked on the city's defenses. But they get it clear, and one day the streetcars begin to run again. We in America, in our unbombed cities, can hardly understand what it is like to have a whole city go mad with joy merely because you can ride in a trolleycar again. The window into Leningrad can teach us a good deal.

Until late in April of 1942, the road across Lake Ladoga is still used. The ice covering melts above and below; the trucks are driving

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with water splashing above their axles, but they go through. The days are softer now, life is a little easier, but the Nazis too are emerging from their winter paralysis. The siege goes on. Until a few weeks ago it was still going on. The people of Leningrad read of last year's victories, of the defense of Stalingrad, and celebrate. But they themselves, in the city so near Finland, remain under attack.

This film was photographed by twenty-five cameramen, all during the siege. Some set up their cameras in the streets; some went up in the fighter planes; some stood by the road across Lake Ladoga. Many of them went to the front lines, and beyond them with the snipers. A few followed the guerrillas behind the German lines, recording the silent ambushes in the woods, the swift and deadly raids on skis. One guerrilla detachment, from a village which the Germans used as a supply base, actually succeeded in bringing a cargo of food into Leningrad. You see them following their forest trails, the horse-drawn sledges laboring through the snow.

So that is what it is like to be besieged for a year and a half. Perhaps no record of any city has had the power of this film. Leningrad is bombed liked London, but London at least was spared an enemy at its gates. Leningrad is invested like Paris, but Paris did not fight. And the organized resistance of Leningrad is unparalleled among the besieged cities of history.

Technical details seem irrelevant in discussing what is not a reproduction of life but life itself. It is worth mentioning, however, that the photography is extraordinarily fine, that it makes the city beautiful throughout its long agony, and that Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony and other compositions supply incidental music of enormous force. The commentary, written with admirable clarity and power by John Gordon, is spoken by Edward R. Murrow, the Columbia network's representative in England.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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MEET OUR COLUMNISTS . . .

Here are the three writers whose columns you read regularly in New Masses—and can read only in New Masses: Richard O. Boyer ("If This Be Reason . . ."); Ruth McKenney ("Strictly Personal"); and Joseph North ("I Give You My Word . . ."). Hugo Gellert's drawings below will tell you what they look like. But a few words are in order about these writers who contribute an NM feature which has evoked so much interest and brought so many inquiries about the columnists themselves.

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RICHARD O. BOYER distinguished himself as a reporter on a paper famous for its reporters—the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch"—as well as on "PM" and other newspapers and magazines. He was an editor of the Midwest magazine "US Week." Recently one of his New Masses columns on Nazism, titled "What Have We Done?", so impressed a progressive group that they had it photostated for mailing all over America.

RUTH McKENNEY'S "Strictly Personal" is an old favorite with NM readers, since its inception three years ago. The new feature about it is that it now appears regularly, once every three weeks, alternating with Boyer's and North's columns. Ruth McKenney, of course, is the famous author of "My Sister Eileen," "Industrial Valley," and a newly published novel, "Jake Home."

JOSEPH NORTH, who does his columning on the side while filling the more than full-time job of NM Editor, is one of America's best reporters. Remember his coverage of the Spanish war, his reports from Mexico, Cuba, the Deep South? North was one of the founders of NM as a weekly in 1934; this is his first venture into NM "columning"—a very happy venture, judging from the response.

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